

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

MAY, 1852.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SOCIETY.

BY THE EDITOR.

If, therefore, the evils of social life come not legitimately from our passions, but from them only when carried to excess, nor from society itself, as built up on human nature, but only as it is artificially constructed, or badly administered, as I have endeavored heretofore to show, what would a wise man say, under this third and last division of our topic, respecting the removal of these evils from the world?

If they are only accidental, not organic, they are, of course, entirely unnecessary *even* on the present plan, and must be capable of being removed, without touching the structure of society as now in force. Were it not so, all attempts to reconstruct it would be fruitless, because the instincts producing and preserving this organism have ever been, and will always be, more powerful than any assumed or voluntary effort of the mind. Nature is decidedly too omnipotent for art. Instinct is not to be annihilated by mere will. Moreover, it is impossible to create the will, in a sufficient number of mankind, to effect a radical change in the social world. Society, as it now is, is the work of the human heart. Our relations are the relations of our loves. Such as they are, these loves will certainly remain, till some one can show us how, and then give us the desire, to reorganize our bodies and our minds.

Why, for example, does man seek society at all? Because he loves it. Why does he join himself in marriage? Because he loves the fair object chosen. Why do the father and the mother sacrifice themselves for their children? Because they love them. Why do children submit so long to form a part of the family circle? Both from necessity and love. Why do brothers and sisters interlock, for life, their interests and their destinies together? They do it for their love. Why are great families built up at a vast expenditure of toil? From the love that pervades them. Why do adjacent families form groups, or neighborhoods, as perpetual as the places where they live? Because of their friendliness, or

love. Why, in a word, are nations organized, with their governments and laws? Because we love our country, and know that nothing can maintain its existence, its peace, its prosperity, but the order, and quiet, and virtue of those, who make it their tarrying-place, or their home. Thus, in all its component elements, society is the natural product of our love.

Can that love, in these its varied forms, be eradicated from the human heart? Nay, they are the heart itself; and their eradication involves the annihilation of the soul. They must forever exist and act, as they now do, or not exist at all. They must eternally bear the same fruit they have borne, produce the same results they have produced, create the same institutions they have created, or not be. Nothing is more wild, therefore, than the perpetual cry of our modern reformers, about the re-formation, the re-organization, the re-construction of society, as if nature were not more powerful, and God more wise, than man.

Nor are such vain attempts demanded by the nature of the evils we endure. All we want is some powerful principle, which shall so quicken our conscience, that the reason shall be stirred up to do its whole duty, in guarding these instincts from excess. Our self-love must be held back from selfishness. That must be implanted into the bosoms of the lover and his beloved, which, whatever be the intensity of their passions, shall maintain their innocence. That is to be infused into the hearts of the husband and the wife, of the parent and the child, of the brother and the sister, which shall preserve the purity of the household, and exclude all domestic jars. That must be given to neighborhoods, which, as the years roll round, shall bind all its families together in harmony and joy. The state, too, including the governors and the governed, must be baptized with an influence, that shall resuscitate its integrity and honor, and wash off all its stains. The world, in a word, must receive a new element, capable of restoring individual men to their true positions, that they may follow their nature without abusing it, constituting themselves a universal brotherhood of immortal souls.

And what principle, reader, is this, that can so regenerate mankind? I fear, in announcing it, I shall greatly disappoint many, who call themselves philosophers, and who are exerting their talents, in their own way, for the restoration of the social state. This principle, let me plainly say, I have not borrowed from the Republic of Plato, nor from the Golden Verses of Pythagoras, nor from the Pandects of Justinian, nor from the pages of the Schoolmen, nor from the dreams of the Pantheists, nor from the figments of any Utopia, nor from the madness of French skeptics, nor from the schemes of modern Socialism. None of these has been my instructor. I have bowed only before that glorious fountain, whence all reform must flow. It is the religion revealed from heaven, established on earth by the Son of God, and perpetuated through all ages for the final recovery of a fallen world. Having studied all philosophies, and beheld their efforts, I have proved them vain. If the religion of the Bible, pure and undefiled, can not remove these social evils, we must suffer them, as best we can, till the light of eternity shall dawn.

But what man can stand in doubt? Look at its origin, its instrumentalities, its designs, and its practical results. Listen to that language that breaks upon you from the heavens above: "*God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish, but have everlasting life.*" Those heavens are now departed. You behold a glorious form descending, while words of illustrious promise are issuing from his lips: "*Lo, I come to do thy will, O God, to seek and to save that which is lost, and to take away the sin of the world!*" As you see him stand there on the earth, unsupported, rejected, and alone, do you distrust his power to accomplish so grand a work? Hear him, in godlike simplicity, boast of his commission and his might: "*All power is given unto me, in heaven and in earth: I and my Father are one: God manifest in the flesh; and the word that I have uttered shall not return unto me void, but shall accomplish the thing whereunto I have sent it. Lo, I create new heavens, and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.*" But do you wish to see this claim maintained? Follow him in his work of mercy: "*The blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the dead are raised, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them;*" the humble are elevated and the proud are brought down; physical and moral ills are cured; even raving maniacs are restored to mental quietness; and the very devils, the powers and principalities of the air, tremble at his word!

But has not this once powerful agency spent its force? Hark! "*Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you, even unto the end of the world.*" How faithfully has that promise been fulfilled! The great Reformer is still here. His temple, his dwell-

ing-place, is his Church. There is the hiding of his power. Every man, who, with a broken and contrite heart, eschewing the vain philosophy of the world, comes to him for help, is received, acknowledged, blest. And when the once ruined mortal goes out from him, with his spirit healed and harmonized by his benignant touch, he is all that philosophy itself could demand, a pure, upright, honest, loving and earnest man. Let him have been what you please, a blasphemer, a thief, an adulterer, a murderer, a pirate, any one or all of these, he is now perfectly reformed. Put him where you will, call him your friend, start him in business, give him a family, make him a citizen, let him be a legislator, a magistrate, a judge, and he will discharge every duty of life faithfully, for he is now governed by the law of universal love. Were all mankind like him, all kings, all governors, all heads of families, all the members of families, in a word, all men, where would be our social evils, over which we have mourned so long? Gone, forever gone! Let the conscience be fully quickened; let the reason, enlightened by study, be always on the wing for duty; let the passions, under the joint administration of these higher faculties, be subdued and harmonized; let the whole soul be baptized, both the inner and the outer man, in the spirit of that religion, whose every breath is love, and the work of reform is done. The same trump, that heralds the millennium dawn, shall proclaim, also, the burial of the last social evil, that ever afflicted the sad lot of man. "*The redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their head; they shall obtain gladness and joy; and sorrow and mourning shall flee away.*"

Thus, my reader, in a very imperfect manner, I am sure, but with all sincerity, I have laid before you my views of the organization of human society, of the evils connected with it, and of the manner of their removal. Society, I regard, in all its aspects, as the natural product of our social nature, neither of which can be radically changed, or even essentially modified, by any possible effort. Nor does the extirpation of social evils require any fundamental alteration in the structure of society, as they are all merely accidental, not necessary, to the present system of human intercourse. All we want is, that every man should be so reformed, in heart and life, as to render him an honest, faithful, enlightened member of society, in all the relations he sustains, or may sustain, to his fellow-beings; and this reformation, so greatly needed by us all, I assert can come only from that glorious Gospel, which Jesus established in the world. This, reader, is the object, the doctrine, and the conclusion of my attempt.

If my argument is sound—and I have taken some pains to make it so—it brings us, where, it seems to me, all arguments ought to bring us, to place all reliance, for the reformation and progress of society, on that mysterious book given us from

above. I know not what you may think of it; but, for myself, I am prepared to speak of it, and that from some study and experience, in exalted terms. In fact, I have but little or no faith in any thing, as an agent of reform, but the Bible. I believe it contains the principle, which, if properly applied, would banish every ill, and raise the world to more than its primeval state. It is the principle of universal love. If any one doubts the power of this doctrine, to accomplish the great end proposed, I beg him to consider it again. See what it has done, and what it is doing, every day. Love is the principle of union, of stability, of concord, throughout the universe. In heaven; it binds all hearts together; and it is the instrument of God's sovereign rule. On earth, it creates and maintains all the peace and harmony we have. In the family, between man and man, and within nations, it is the sole law of connection, which we have seen to be absolutely resistless, an actual creator; an unconquerable and unchangeable supporter and preserver, which no power can master, which no skill can mend. When man was separated by sin from his Maker, love moved like an almighty instinct in that Maker's bosom, and yearned with a quenchless ardor to bring again the two worlds together. Down from the throne of Omnipotence came the heaven-born Redeemer, whose heart was glowing with compassion, to execute this work of love. Love, in the heart, and thence flowing out into society at large, has effected every moral reform, whether of individuals or of communities, since the world began. Love always touches the soul, and melts the obduracy of man, and molds him to what it will. The worst of criminals, reckless against mere power, soften in an instant at the warm look of love. The maddened inebriate, trembling with rage, stands abashed in its presence, piteously condemns his own life, and freely throws up his ruinous career. The raving maniac, chained to his pillar, rending his garments and eating his flesh, is gradually subdued, healed, harmonized, by the gentleness of love. The very beasts of prey are subject to its authority. With a face of love, a man may go, as men do go, into the presence of these monsters, ride on the proboscis of the elephant, put stirrups to the sides of the unicorn, thrust his head into the mouths of lions, frolic with the catamount and tiger, sport with the spots of the treacherous leopard, wind the most venomous serpents around his body, or make his pillow on a coil of dragons. There is, in truth, no limit to its influence. It reigns over earth, and air, and sea. It is the principle, in a physical point of view, which draws each material atom to its fellow, and thus gives substance and form to all bodies. It moves the very planets in their airy circles; binds them to the sun their center; turns this and all other suns, progressively, about centers more, and more, and still more central; till, at last, at the center of all centers, there dwells God, and God is Love!

Give me, then, the Bible, that reveals this God, who declares and imparts this love, and thou, O objector, mayest have all other agencies, with which to reform and bless the world. Multiply your societies, build up your associations, erect your communities, but give me the Bible. Let me stand forth and declare its grand principle to the people. Let me implant that principle in the minds and hearts of the youthful generation. Let me commit it to the winds and waves to be wafted to the shores of other nations. Let me bind the hearts of all kings, of all rulers, of all legislators, of all magistrates, of all fathers and mothers, of all brothers and sisters, of all citizens and subjects, with the spell of its mighty principle, and I ask no more. O that I had once more a voice! But I will whisper to the elements my desires. Lend, lend your wings, ye angels, that I may fly through the circuit of these heavens, with my arms filled with Bibles, to drop them upon the nations, as fell the manna upon the famished hosts of Israel. Catch them, ye mortals, as they are falling, bear them about with you as your richest blessing, govern your life's conduct by their ruling principle, and the dawn of God's reign on earth will preclude the necessity of any farther reformation to the end of time!

A TRAVELER'S SIGHT OF DEATH.

As I was one day walking through the streets of Havana, I saw, in a sitting-room on the ground-floor of a handsome house, what appeared to be a beautiful wax-work figure, of which the face only was exposed to view. I asked in French a gentleman at the door of the house what it was. He answered, "*Une dame qui est morte.*" The figure was stretched on what seemed a table, and was covered by a large case made of panes of glass, and having a pine-apple-shaped top. At the foot of the figure were some immense candlesticks, with lighted candles in them, throwing a melancholy glimmer around the room.

The face beneath that framework was the fairest face that I had seen in Cuba. In its calm sweetness it realized the description of that corse, to which Byron compares Greece, whose soul had passed away, while its beauty remained:

"He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled—
Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers—
And mark'd the mild, angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,
The fix'd yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek;
And—but for that sad, shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not now,
And, but for that chill, changeless brow,
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd
The first, last look by death reveal'd!"

TRANSFIGURATION.

BY HARMONY.

HARRY LINDSEY possessed many valuable and interesting traits of character, but he was an unbeliever. His face always reminded me of one without hope, and without God in the world. It had an undefinable look of abstraction, a dreamy, speculative look, which always made my heart sad. And when I used to meet him, I would fain have grasped his hand, and pleaded of him not to be so unhappy, not to wear that dark look. Says some one, "Spirit molds matter, even as the artist molds the clay. As the outward can not transcend the inward—so as the prevailing mood of the soul is, so shall the expression of the face be." Is it not a very true remark? is not the expression of the face generally a true index to the heart?

"What a singular person Lindsey is!" was the usual remark. "I believe he has a great many good qualities; his conversation is interesting—one can not go to sleep over it; but I can not say that I like him. I should not like him for a friend, at least." And yet he had all the qualities which could make a man popular—person, manners, conversational powers, both grave and humorous, high spirits, and love of adventure. But the source and spring of all happiness in himself was embittered by the delusive error—unbelief. His heart was a cold, desolate void, which the sun of hope neither warmed nor illuminated. He gazed upon the beauties of nature, which were spread out before him in all their loveliness, with a despairing look. He walked forth in the "mellow twilight of evening," under the bright canopy of heaven, with feelings of admiration, but not of joy. He looked upon the king of day as he rose, dispelling with his cheering rays the gloom of night; but, alas for him! no beam of light penetrated the darkness which brooded over his heart—anxiety and doubt preyed there like a corroding canker.

A series of evening meetings was held in the village where he lived, which resulted in much good. Many were brought into the fold of Christ. The high praises of God thrilled the hearts of many, who now, for the first time in their life, lifted up their spirits in communion with the Most High. Harry Lindsey, by the earnest request of his parents, attended the meetings several evenings. But he sat unmoved, save as his lip curled in scorn at the blind superstition, as he called it, of those around him.

One evening the minister fixed his eyes on Lindsey, as he uttered the sweet invitation, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye, and partake of the waters of life freely; yea, come, and partake without money, and without price. Ye that are weary and heavy laden, come, and find rest to your souls. And you, unrighteous man, forsake your evil ways, and your evil thoughts, and return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon you; and to our God,

for he will abundantly pardon." Then pausing a moment, as if to collect his scattered thoughts, he entered upon a thorough exhibition of divine truth, in a light more vivid and in a style more pungent and convincing than I had ever heard him before. He held up the majesty and purity of the law of God with a grandeur that startled the hearer, as if the distant thunder of Sinai were breaking on his trembling ear. He then pressed on them its claims, its high requisitions, set forth the utter helplessness of man without the interposition of divine recovering grace, and exhibited lucidly the duty of the sinner to repent and turn to God, and the rich provision of salvation in the full and glorious atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ. He presented these truths before the mind with such transparent clearness, that his hearers could not shut their eyes against the convictions thus brought home to their hearts. Many sobbed aloud in the grief of their souls, as they obeyed the invitation, and kneeled at the altar, and with tears and deep sighs besought the Lord to have mercy on them, and save them by his grace. Young and old bowed together at the throne of grace. Long and earnestly did they wrestle in prayer, and many a one, Jacob-like, was ready to exclaim, "I can not let thee go, except thou bless me!" The efficacy of prayer was felt there in its consolations, its blessedness, its transforming power. It was truly a heavenly place in Christ Jesus. A new song was put into the mouth, even praise to God—a new spirit into the heart, even his spirit of love, which made them not ashamed to speak of his goodness.

The fervent amen found a heart-felt response on many a lip, as, with an earnestness that would take no denial, the minister remembered Harry Lindsey, whom his now aged parents had offered in faith at the baptismal font in infancy, and yet he came not near to fulfill the claims they had assumed. His mother wept in the very excess of agony. His father bowed his head, to hide the grief he could not control. But did the cause of so much sorrow remain unmoved? Ah, no! the truth touched his heart, and, in spite of his unbelief, tears stole from his eyes, which he could not conceal, and he left the house, thoughtful and melancholy.

Truly God was dealing with him. And who shall tell what passed within his breast during that night of bitter communings with his own spirit?—the tumult, the wild thoughts, struggling with hurried prayers—and then the attempt to drive them out of his heart; the despair and unbelief—now in God's mercy, now in the reality of his convictions; the demon-whispers that seemed prompting him to utter derisive words, which it would have been madness to speak, or even to harbor in thought. And sadder than all, wringing, as it were, tears of blood from his heart, came self-reproach—the one agony that knows no consolation—the counsels neglected, prayers unheeded, motives unfairly attributed, injustices done in the heedlessness of irritation or wantonness of unbelief,

the many souls misled by his scoffs at piety and his arguments in favor of his infidel sentiments—all started to life, and proclaimed that he must atone for them. The faint light which had begun to dawn rather served to make the darkness only the more visible. It showed him more and more of himself; and the contemplation was not cheering. He turned in contempt and disgust from his former life, scorning its aimlessness, hating its self-worship. The false supports on which he had hitherto leaned were gliding from beneath him; past unbelief was crumbling away; he felt its falsity with a strength of conviction which argument never could have imparted. And with the strong reaction of a naturally noble heart, awakened to a consciousness of error, he felt completely desolate; and with humble, self-condemning words he poured forth his confession and his penitence at the footstool of Sovereign Mercy.

The next evening he went to meeting again; and, as they gathered around the altar, Lindsey arose, and walking slowly forward, said, "Here, before you all, I confess, with grief, in a review of my past life, that I feel myself a guilty sinner. I have had religious instruction, and have been brought up under circumstances favorable to my best interest; but I have abused my nature and my talents, I have broken the law of God, turned from duty, spoken lightly of the Gospel of Christ, and laughed at the cross. Yonder old man, my father, whose heart I have well-nigh broken, early consecrated me, as ye are living witnesses, at the sacred altar. The idea that I was not my own but the Lord's has been constantly impressed upon me from my earliest youth, and against this my proud heart has rebelled. I could not bear to think that a human ordinance should bind me, only so far as my own will was consulted. Hence my refusal to fulfill my baptismal obligations. I have not only neglected and resisted religion myself, but I have opposed it in others. All my actions have been continually under the influence of an evil heart and corrupt principles. And I can only come a helpless, destitute beggar at the footstool of Sovereign Mercy, crying, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!'" He then bowed in agony at the altar, calling upon Christians to pray that he might find grace in the sight of the Most High.

The effect of his remarks were visible through the audience, and great numbers crowded at the altar. A spirit of prayer pervaded the hearts of the children of God; the Holy Spirit was there; the tokens of divine influence could not be mistaken or evaded—all felt its convicting power.

Deep was the remorse of Lindsey for the past—deeper his contrition for sin. "Is there hope for such as I am?" said he. "'Tis a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief," whispered the minister, and these words of comfort fell not unheeded upon his ear; and, in the humility of repentance, he cried, "Pardon my

iniquity, O God, for it is great." He was enabled to yield his proud spirit to the gentle reign of Jesus, and to embrace the Savior in all his rich and free grace to sinners. The dark waters of the past vanished away, and a fountain loomed up within him, and from its pure depths a voice spoke, bidding him go in peace, and sin no more. "He was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision," and the "transfiguration" came. He arose from his knees, and stood before us in heavenly beauty. As he stood there, with the high praises of God on his lips, "he wist not that his face shone." The hope of glory shone upon his heart—and springing from the fountain within, the human face radiated the divine—showing his spiritual relationship to a higher nature, and enabling him most fervently and undoubtingly to cry, Abba, Father. Lindsey had found strength and beauty in the sanctuary. The triumphant hymns of higher intelligences had been given him; he felt his immortality and the riches contained in that belief. That troubled, unhappy look was gone—his face was lit up with holy love. He was "transfigured" through the influences of redeeming love, which is ever active with its transforming agency, changing the spirit into the likeness of the divine Redeemer. His face shone with a heavenly beauty; and O how lovely the Savior appeared to him! and how his soul was wrapped up in visions of glory, while he sung these words, which were to him a heart-felt fact,

"My willing soul would stay,
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss!"

For a few moments his voice was solitary; but presently other sounds, sweet and tremulous, stole from the worshipers, and grew stronger and clearer, till it seemed the very minstrelsy of angels. Every soul was exhilarated with the fervor of its hope and the intensity of its devotion—all their hopes and their affections were mingled together in the triumph of that song. It seemed to me that the veil was already rent, and that the glory of the New Jerusalem was shining round them.

What a scene for the infidel to look upon! Let him who scoffs at piety and heaven, who ridicules the holy name of Jesus, and bows to the dark idol that his own imagination has created—let such a one enter the sanctuary of the Almighty, when his worship is set up in the heart, and kindled by the rays of his everlasting love, and if he does not feel a chord in his own soul thrilled by the magic touch—a chord that may have lain senseless, but is not dead—surely he must be inhuman. There is a magic in true piety that opens the sealed fountains of the heart, that awakens scintillations in every ray of its holy light, and calls forth life, and beauty, and harmony, even from the marble heart in the infidel's breast. It kindled a flame in Lindsey's heart that rose to heaven, and lit up his face with the luster of holy love.

"God be praised, my son," said his aged father, "that you have been won to the faith of God's people." "Said I not so," exclaimed his mother, her eyes filled with tears—tears of love and joy—"said I not that he would be won, that he would prove a blessing to her who bore him?—to her who, in his very babyhood, carried him in these arms to the sacred font, and whose constant prayer has been that he might be shielded from temptation and won to God? The prayer of faith has eventually triumphed, though the gates of darkness did for awhile array themselves against it." Truly this is a comforting hope to the hearts of believers.

VISIT TO THE KUSHAN MONASTERY.

BY REV. R. S. MACLAY.

This Monastery has been frequently referred to in the letters and journals sent home by the missionaries laboring in Fuh-Chau. It is situated on a mountain of the same name—Kushan—which rises from the bank of the Min, six miles below Fuh-Chau. The Monastery is located at the head of a wooded ravine, on the side of the mountain, at a distance, by the road, of two miles from the base. The position is very fine, the water cool and wholesome, and the air pure and invigorating. The priests—Buddhist—are very respectful to us during our stay with them. There are apartments fitted up in Chinese style, which we rent during our visit. These rooms, it is true, do not furnish us the most desirable accommodations; but with such pretty scenery and quiet walks we find it easy to put up with trifling annoyances. In the hot summer months this place affords us a most delightful retreat. And now, fair reader, with your permission, I will transcribe for you the notes of a visit to this interesting spot, made, not long since, by the writer and two or three friends.

At daylight of August 4, 1847, our party, consisting of Rev. Mr. W., of the "Church Mission," Mrs. Maclay, little Ellen, and myself, started for the Monastery. One small native boat, with nice white floor, and rowed by a stout Chinaman, while his wife held the rudder with one hand, and with the other wielded an oar, whose movements corresponded to the steady strokes of her husband, was sufficient to accommodate the members of the party. Another boat of the same size received our baggage. The tide is in our favor, and we glide through the span of the great stone bridge, thread our way through the junks, and soon find ourselves below the shipping, quietly passing down the river. In an hour we reach the landing-place, and are surrounded by a crowd of the villagers—some curiously gazing at our person and clothes, others particularly interested in our baggage, while some are earnestly showing us that for carrying our goods up the mountain the very lowest price

they can take is a sum which we very well know to be five or six times as much as they expect to receive. My trusty boy will attend to these matters; so we go on. Leaving the boat, we cross some paddy-fields, and soon come to an old temple which stands at the foot of the mountain. It is surrounded by a high wall, and the broad boughs of the banyans almost hide it from view. Several rest-houses here span the road, and there are seats where the weary traveler may refresh himself. A stream of limpid water issues from a stone wall near your seat. Many stone tablets, with long inscriptions, are placed around; but I fear the classic style of the sentences will prevent us from extracting much information from them at present. For the ascent the ladies are indulged with chairs, but the gentlemen must trust to their own muscles and sinews. The road is, perhaps, ten feet wide, and paved with large flat stones. Where the acclivity is not too abrupt, the road is plain; but there are steep places where steps are necessary. Rising into the clear air, our elevated position affords a fine view of the plain below. It is pleasant to halt at the shaded spots and enjoy the scene. There winds the broad river on whose placid bosom our boat was moving only a few minutes since. The banks are very low, and the peasant guides his plow close to the water's edge. Branching off from the main channel are small streams, which, after mapping out various low islands, return their waters into it at irregular intervals. Canals, too, innumerable, fed by the river, creep through the plain, thus enabling the husbandman to irrigate his fields. Villages, almost hidden by the overhanging foliage of the banyan, are seen in all directions. There are many fruit orchards scattered along the canals and on the slopes of the hills. Farther west we see the hill where some of the missionaries live. On the right of it, and across the river, lies the great city. Farther still to the west the eye looks on successive ranges of dark mountains, whose rugged peaks shoot up far toward the sky. Northward there is the same mountainous prospect; while to the south rise the "Five Tiger Hills," with circling ranges of wild hills beyond, which, as they approach the sea, seem to divide into ten thousand tapering peaks. But we may not now linger—an August sun is sending its first beams athwart our path, and we may not lightly meet its scorching heat.

Three rest-houses, placed at irregular distances along the road, proffer their refreshing shade and seats as we ascend. The trees, mostly pine, throw a pleasant shade over us as we pass on. At the last rest-house an obsequious priest presses upon you most perseveringly a cup of tea and some dried fruits, in return for which he expects an extravagant remuneration. Merchants, officers, etc., from foreign countries, pay a pretty round sum, but from missionaries mine host must content himself with a few tens of cash. Plodding upward on the zigzag road, your high position renders still more

distinct the features of the vast plain at your feet. The sun now pours a flood of light on the distant mountains, the broad river, and the city. Boats of various shapes and dimensions are moving on the water. Troops of young villagers are threading the narrow, winding paths of the rice-fields, going to their morning labors. Women, with basket, wood-knife, and rake, are starting for the mountains in search of fuel. The rustic, carrying his plow, and holding in his hand the tether of his faithful buffalo, slowly moves on to his toil. And if my vision is true, I see many a group of merry boys and girls sporting in the shade of the over-arching trees that embower the villages.

But the quick pace of the coolies bids us hasten forward. Sure enough, they have reached the summit of the spur behind which the Monastery is situated. The road now slightly descends, and sweeps round the southern base of the peak, whose top seems lost in the clouds. After a few minutes of quick walking, we enter a wooded ravine, and are greeted with the sound of falling water. It is a stream which, issuing from the rocks far up the mountain, is conveyed by an artificial channel to the Monastery, and then, having supplied the wants of the priests, goes dashing downward to the plains, and discharges its waters into the Min. A little farther, and the deep tones of the great bell come floating down the ravine. A low wall, old and covered with vines and bushes, runs along each side of the road. We pass through several gateways, whose columns and architraves present bold inscriptions, full of deep meaning, doubtless; but, as the coolies move rapidly, and we pedestrians are pretty thoroughly tired, we will not stop to read them. As we near the Monastery the scenery becomes more beautiful and impressive. The road follows the meanderings of the stream to which we referred awhile ago. Huge camphor-trees, with gnarled trunks and immense boughs, throw a deep shadow over us; the stalwart pines send up their palm-like forms, waving their high tops like the banners of a host; the graceful bamboo, in silvery lines, skirts the course of the mountain stream, or, in thick clumps, cluster and glisten on the slopes of the ravine. Beneath this leafy canopy a luxuriant undergrowth finds a fertile soil and safe protection; while flowers, sweet "wild wood flowers," hang in rich festoons from decaying walls and sheltering boughs, or bud and bloom on the delicate stem that grows at your feet. The high peak towers up just before us, and from the appearance of immense tile roofs, darkened with age and exposure, we infer the immediate proximity of the Monastery. A few more steps, and the vast pile of buildings is in full view; the bell sends forth with increased volume its solemn tones, and quickly passing an open space, where the sun pours down in its strength, we enter the first suite of buildings.

The history of this, as of all other places of note in China, is obscured by absurd legends and pompous traditions. According to some accounts, this

situation, in the time of the "Three States"—A. D. 190-317—was chosen for the summer palace of the king. The religion of Boodh was then highly esteemed, and one of the kings gave this palace to the priests for a monastery. Another statement is, that during the "Sung dynasty"—950-1280—a literary chancellor erected some buildings on the spot for the use of the Boodhists. Still another account refers its origin to the time of the "Three States." On the occasion of his father's death, an officer, of high rank, selected this situation for the grave, constructed the tomb with his own hands, built for himself a cottage near by, and, giving up his titles and honors, spent his life in watching and weeping over the dust of his beloved parent. The king, hearing of this instance of filial affection, was filled with admiration, and caused large and costly buildings to be erected, the care of which he committed to the Boodhists. Others, discarding these accounts, tell of certain miraculous events which drew to this place the attention of the first preachers of Boodhism, and entertain themselves with various marvelous incidents which, it is said, have transpired during the history of the institution.

We will now, if you please, look at the temple buildings. And the first thought suggested is, that, however great may be the antiquity claimed for this institution, the present buildings are certainly of quite recent date. In fact, the temple records show that at two distinct times the buildings, in whole or in part, have been destroyed by fire. And though we may discredit these statements, still the building materials used by the Chinese being of so perishable a nature, we are compelled to attribute to the present compact, sound structures a recent origin.

An area of perhaps an acre is covered by buildings. In the center, and extending from the front to the rear, are three large temples, with open courts, paved with stones, between them. On each side of these principal edifices are the rooms for the priests, apartments for strangers and visitors, smaller temples, the libraries, and other appurtenances. The buildings, we notice, are only one story high; they are in the main well built and of substantial materials. There is, too, a cleanliness about the courts and rooms which reflects favorably on the priests.

A more particular notice of the prominent parts of this collection of buildings will enable us to think of them with greater satisfaction. The main front looks toward the south; and, as we enter the Monastery at this point, we may now glance at the first of the three temples already referred to. This structure is about thirty feet deep and one hundred and twenty feet wide. A space in the middle, thirty feet deep by fifty feet wide, is occupied by idols, the rest of the building being otherwise appropriated. There are here six statues, of great dimensions. Facing you, on entering, is a figure of Boodh in a sitting posture. The pedestal on which it is placed is elevated about five feet from

the floor. The statue is made of bricks and cement, with a bronze gilding. On each side of the entrance are placed two images, each being, perhaps, ten feet in height. They stand facing each other, the space between them being the entrance to the temple. These four images represent the ministers of Boodh, and are called "Fung," or messenger; "Tieü," or harmony; "Ju," or rain; and "Song," or "propriety" or "fitness." The first grasps a sword in his right hand, the other is raised as in warning, while his black, glaring eyes and fierce countenance seem to say, "*Now or never!*" He stands upright, and crushes under his feet a black, dwarfish figure, with features horribly distorted, representing an evil spirit. The second, "Tieü," looks down on you with a jocund face, as he twitches the strings of his "guitar" to some fairy strain, which mortals may not hear. Beneath his feet, too, as also of the others, there writhes a black, dwarfish figure. "Ju," the third, stands there with an umbrella half raised, in expectation of a shower. "Song," the last figure, holds in his left hand a struggling serpent, while in his right he holds up a ball, the precious jewel taken from the bowels of the enraged serpent. This figure is to my mind deeply interesting. The Bible tells us of a serpent, of souls lost by the fall, and of one who "bruised the serpent's head." In the figure before me I saw some points of close, striking resemblance to these truths. It is difficult to get the precise idea of this figure, as the priests themselves seem to have confused notions on the subject. They say, however, that this serpent, after living thousands of years, secreted this precious jewel, that man was unable to obtain it, and that this god accomplished the work. Many interesting thoughts are suggested by the analogy between this tradition and the work of Jesus Christ as the Savior of the world. Whence came the idea embodied in the figure before me? Is it a fragment of those rays which, broken off from the great sun of truth, are ever and anon discovered among the old nations of the east? Boodhism being of Indian origin, it is evident that we may trace this tradition to the same country. But whence did India obtain it? The mind of the Christian at once reverts to the "oracles of God." And there is abundant evidence to believe that India owes to the ancient records of the Bible whatever of truth is found in her mythology. "Harcourt," in his "Doctrine of the Deluge," maintains that the "patriarchs were deified in India, beginning with Noah and his sons;" also, that "Noah's grandson, Phut, was Boodha, whose name was changed into Fo and Po; hence the river Padus and his Footstep the Sreepad." (Vide "Doctrine of the Deluge," vol. i, Table of Contents.) The Memoirs of Sir Stamford Raffles throw light on this interesting subject; also, Sir William Jones in "The Institutes of Menu."

To return to our story. Immediately in the rear of the image of Boodh, and separated from it by a thin partition, is placed another idol, its back

being against this partition, and its face looking toward the temples within. This figure holds in its hands a short stick of wood, with which to beat the evil spirits.

Passing through this building, you enter a broad, stone-paved, open court. As the original site was uneven, the ground has been leveled by forming terraces. In the center is an artificial reservoir for water, spanned by a stone bridge. Along the two sides of the court are covered passages, by which, ascending three short flights of broad stone steps, you go up to the second temple.

This building is about sixty feet deep by one hundred feet wide. It is devoted to the worship of the "Three Precious Boodhs." Here the priests assemble, morning and evening, for worship. Against a high gilded screen, placed near the rear of the building, are placed the three idols. They are seated on gilded pedestals, five feet in height. Their size corresponds to those we have already described. Their countenance, however, is very mild; and a kind of diadem is placed on the head of each one. These figures represent the past, present, and future incarnations of Boodh. The one in the middle is the *present* incarnation; on its right is the *past*; and on its left is the *coming or future* incarnation. In front of the idols is a large altar, with beautiful vases filled with flowers, and censers with incense ever burning. Low stools, with mats, are ranged over the tile floor for the kneeling worshippers. Tassels and long bands of silk are suspended from the roof. On each side are placed nine images, representing the original disciples of Boodh. The front of the temple is occupied with large doors, the upper half of which is composed of a kind of tortoise-shell, through which a dull light is admitted.

The third temple is situated on another terrace, about sixty feet behind the second. You ascend to it by two flights of stone steps. The space between the buildings is paved with stone, and there are two artificial ground plats in the center, where flowers are cultivated. In this third temple are several images of the "Goddess of Mercy." One, a rather large figure, is placed in the center of the group. On each side is one of smaller size, in a wooden case. The one on the left, made of porcelain, is thought to be very precious, and receives special attention. In times of drought or famine prayers are addressed to it. During times of long drought this image is carried along the public streets of Fuh-Chau, and worship is paid to it by all, with the expectation of procuring rain. The size of this building corresponds to that of the last one described. Large cases of books stand along the sides. It is only at certain times the priests worship here; as when any one wishes to prefer a petition, or some public emergency arises.

The regular worship is held in the second temple. They meet twice a day for this purpose, at about 4 o'clock, A. M., and 4 o'clock, P. M. They repeat prayers, of whose meaning not one in ten of the

priests themselves have the slightest conception; sometimes standing, then kneeling, and finally marching, single file, around every row of stools in the temple. Their chanting is accompanied by the jingling of a small bell, and the dull sound produced by striking with a mallet a queer-looking piece of wood, which has been made hollow by abstracting the inside material in a very skillful manner. When worshipping, the abbot stands directly in front of the idols, and the priests are ranged in rows on each side.

We have now noticed at considerable length the principal buildings. On each side of these are other edifices. Some are small temples, where a private enterprise seems to be carried on by priests, in the way of sight-seeing and fortune-telling. In one we were shown one of *Boodh's teeth*. There, sure enough, it is, confined in a strong box, with iron bars in front, through which the faithful and the heretic alike view the sacred relic. I was amused with this sight. The Chinese are a matter-of-fact people, and always like to receive full value for their money. The priests have fully met their wishes in this respect; for while for the sight they abstract a few cash from the Chinaman's pocket, they compensate him by showing an *enormous tooth*. I should think this molar might better have suited the jaw of a mastodon than of Boodh. It is about eight inches long, with proportionate size.

There is also a library, containing a large collection of Boodhistic books. I had made arrangements for examining it, but the sudden illness of one of our party hastened our return, and thus defeated my plans in this respect.

There are other points of interest connected with this institution, but for the present they must remain unnoticed. Next month, however, I hope to exhaust my notes of this "Visit to the Kushan Monastery."

The illness of one of our party referred to above was only temporary. The invalid, our dear little Ellen, soon recovered. As I pen these lines, the sound of her voice comes to my ear from the next room. A cordial greeting to you, kind reader, from us all.

THINGS LOST FOREVER.

THE following words, from the pen of Lydia H. Sigourney, are full of instructive meaning: "Lost wealth may be restored by industry; the wreck of health regained by temperance; forgotten knowledge restored by study; alienated friendship smoothed into forgetfulness; even forfeited reputation won by penitence and virtue. But who ever looked upon his vanished honors, recalled his slighted years, stamped them with wisdom, or effaced from Heaven's record the fearful blot of wasted time?" The footprint on the sand is washed out by the ocean wave; and easier might we, when years are fled, find that footprint as recall lost hours.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

—
BY MRS. M. A. BIGELOW.

O THESE apple blossoms!
They are pure and sweet;
See them shower their petals
At my feet.

Bright may be the lilac
In its purple sheen;
Or the sweet carnation,
Robed in green;

Or the broad-leaved lilies,
In their golden light;
Or the cups of tulips,
Still more bright;

But the apple blossoms,
Delicately fair,
Breathe a sweeter odor
On the air.

How I love at even,
When the sky is red,
To sit me where they tremble
O'er my head!

When their leaves around me
Of pale pink are strown,
I love at such a season
To muse alone.

O these apple blossoms!
They are purely sweet;
See them shower their petals
At my feet.

MY DREAMS.

—
BY MISS E. A. BROOKS.

I HAVE had dreams of fame
Within my youthful heart;
Kindled ambition's flame,
With all its burning smart.

Yes, I have longed to tread
Thy pinnacle, O fame!
And, like the gifted dead,
Leave on thy scroll a name.

But faded are those dreams;
That flame hath ceased to glow;
A purer life there gleams,
To guide me through life's woe.

I've dreams of heaven now!
O, how I long to stand,
With crown upon my brow,
In that celestial land!

I ask no more for fame,
I'm weary of the strife;
But O, I'd find my name
In the Lamb's book of life.

THE BIBLE FRIENDLY TO REASON.

BY EDWARD THOMSON, D. D.

(SECOND PAPER)

THE Spirit, in leading us into all truth, does not alter the human faculties. We need not, therefore, expect dreams, and visions, and phantasies, and impressions, of which we can give no rational account, or to be deprived of strength, reason, and will, and cast motionless upon the ground, as the ancient sibyl in her silent prophetic illapses. The Spirit is not to make us prophets, but to acquaint us with the prophets. How the Spirit aids the mind in its researches, we can only say suggestively.

It may prepare the heart to receive truth. It is something, when we would solve a difficult problem, to have the slate wiped clean. Socrates said, he who would receive the pure must not himself be impure. It may dispose us to the proper and strenuous use of our natural faculties in searching for the *riches* of the full assurance of understanding. It may remove the hinderances to faith. The heart influences the intellect; hence, it is difficult to feel "an argument against an interest," or to see an evil in the thing we love.

The Spirit of God allays passion, removes prejudice, and breathes into the soul the disposition to obey. There is no argument to remove skepticism like the bending of the knees. How did Solomon obtain wisdom? Now, "if any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God." Would we receive truth, we must invite it, as Abraham did the angels. Would we have the Scriptures opened to us, we must walk with God, as the disciples did with Christ on the way to Emmaus.

May not the Spirit aid the mind in apprehending truth by leading it up from the region of mere understanding, which is discursive, which judges by sense, to the region of reason, where all is fixed, reposing on the constitution of the human mind—that region whence we obtain the axioms of the exact sciences, and such ideas as eternity, infinity, and power? Let the soul shake off the defiled garments of sense, bury its idols, and go up to the Bethel of pure reason, where the truths rise unbidden like stars in the sky, and doctrines before unseen may shine like the belt of Orion at midnight.

May not the Spirit more directly influence the soul, as is implied in such a promise as this: "When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth?" Without the communication of any new truth the Bible may be made a new book to us. It would require but a little change in the eyeball of a man to enable him to see the sun an orb of fire, filling the horizon, or the moon full of flowery mountains and godly forms, or the stars floating and filled worlds of light—no change need be wrought on the universe, no change in the humors and lenses of the eye, only a little alteration of its form. Now, who shall say that the

Holy Spirit can not so influence the soul as, without changing its faculties or altering the truth, it shall cause that soul to see its revelations magnified. Let the mind, then, touched by the divine Spirit, approach the borders of religious mystery, and wrestle with the angel that guards them, and wrestle on, even though it should seem that the thigh of the reason must be dislocated in the struggle; and wrestle on, as if it had power with God, and it shall see day break; it may stand at Peniel; it may see God; and as the sun rises, it may halt upon the very limb that seemed to be disjointed in the struggle.

Now, in order that I appear not obscure or enthusiastic, let me further explain. Long, and painful, and prayerful contemplation, though it may discover no *new* truth, may embody and illuminate old and project long beams of light over what was before dark.

The Bible gives ample scope to the ablest minds. It compels us to examine ourselves—a duty which few discharge. Where is the man who considers what he is? To almost every one his own soul is a foreign country. The world on which we look is the terrestrial, not the celestial sphere—earth that is finite, not soul which is infinite. And wherefore? Not because men do not know better; for Reason, unguided by revelation, wrote "know thyself" upon Apollo's Delphic temple, and ever since she hath boasted in the precept. Why, then, this neglect of it? Because its observance is difficult; and herein I find the proof that it develops and strengthens the mind. Indeed, every thing does which *tasks* its powers. All plans of education may be judged by this principle. Now, let a man begin and end his education in the school of his own soul; he will have a vigorous intellect and a deep knowledge; he will become a philosopher in spite of himself; he knows his powers—he learns how to apply them; he observes his relations—he feels the obligations which spring out of them; he traces his habits—he knows how to correct them; he gets thoughts, and must clothe them.

But if this is all that is necessary to make strong intellect, may we not find it among the illiterate? Yea, verily, you may often find amazing mental power and profound philosophy sheltered by the cabin roof. Many a pious Christian has a philosopher's head without a philosopher's library; many a poor widow, who has no books but the Bible and Baxter, is a metaphysician and a logician without knowing it, and will, so soon as she is released from the body, find herself a fit companion for such souls as Jonathan Edwards and John Wesley.

Diogenes lighted his lamp at noon, and went out into the market-places in search of a *man*. Do not imitate the Cynic, or, like him, you might search in vain; but take the lamp of God's word, and go into your own heart, and look through and through it, and you shall ere long find a *man*.

The Bible introduces us into a spiritual world. Ever since the days of the inspired Hebrew, and

the ancient Greek, men seem to have been turning their backs upon things unseen. Now and then a Milton has reversed his face till it has shone like that of Moses descending from Mt. Sinai. A small company still strive to look behind; but they can not long resist the general current of earthward thought, which has swept from creation all imaginary spiritual existences. Would you see above the stars, you must come to the Bible: there is left for you no other stream to convey you from material worlds, no other ferryman than faith. What though we out-fly the eagle, out-push the whirlwind, out-dig the earthquake, out-smite the lightning! we do but move mere matter. What is the spirit of the age but an imprisoned Samson, working with terrific power, but eyeless sockets, in the mills? Blessed be God, the Bible is still, to some extent, felt, and here and there is a soul with eyes, looking into the tents of angels.

The Bible introduces us to God; not the Pagan's polluted fancy, nor the philosopher's *anima mundi*, but the one eternal, supreme, infinite Intelligence, who burns with consuming fire, for the evil, and glows with eternal joys for the just; whose hand guides every star and opens every bud; whose breath is alike in the roar of the mountain storm and the sigh of the quiet sea; who follows the wandering prodigal and watches the infant's pillow, while he marshals the ranks of angels and orders the worlds on high; who hath revealed himself in Jesus and made an atonement for sin, thus bridging the gulf between himself and man. Here is the most glorious of all truths, the comprehension of all; a truth in which the mind may range forever, and still see before it fields of undiscovered glory; a truth sufficient to engage and energize a universe of minds forever. The truth is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever; but every revolving moment, every new object presents it in some new aspect, and unfolds its burning glory. Every new struggle of a redeemed militant soul, and every flutter of the pinions of a saved, triumphant, and ascending spirit in heaven's eternal sunlight, makes this great truth a more deep, more glorious, and more interesting mystery. Is there not power in it to raise the mind to the loftiest regions of thought, and hold it spell-bound there; to swell the heart into grand proportions, move it with supernatural might, and fit it either for the intensest sufferings or highest achievements of humanity? Answer, ye Lutherans in bondage! ye martyrs in fire!

This great thought not only girds up the soul, but suggests the true path to science; indeed, it gives to science a center, and binds all its departments together by indissoluble bonds.

Men knew but little of natural science when the Bible was not known, though they had the same faculties and scenes as we. No wonder. They had gods many and lords many. Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto divided the realms of nature among themselves: in the supernal courts there were plots and politicians; and who could say what a day would

bring forth in heaven, earth, or hell? Moreover, each realm had its subdivision, and each subdivision its local deity. The operations of nature were mysterious; none would venture to investigate them with daring and hope; for he might be intruding into the chambers of a jealous goddess; or if he found her secrets, he might derive no further advantage from them after he had crossed a stream or ascended a mountain. How different the feelings of the Christian philosopher who looks through nature to the one living and true God! Nature, he cries, is one, for her God is one; there must be harmony and simplicity in her laws. There, sits Newton in his garden; the apple falls before him, and his mind is led to think of the power which brought it down: he thinks not of some wood-nymph, which came into existence with its opening blossoms, to take charge of its leaves and fruit, but of some law which the Maker of all things has ordained: he observes that gravity does not sensibly diminish at the tops of the highest trees, nor the roofs of the loftiest buildings, nor the summits of the highest mountains: why not, then, extend to the moon? if so, does it not hold her in her orbit? May it not hold other planets in their spheres; may it not be the solution of the great problem of the universe? What gave Newton the boldness to bound upward from the tree to the mountain-top, from the mountain-top to the moon, from the moon to the farthest planet in space?—what but the *faith* that he was traveling through the dominions of one Monarch over which one law was outstretched?

Again: the Christian says, "God is wise;" hence, even where all appears to be confusion, he can study for order, as the young statuary hovers over the Apollo for beauty—sure it is there.

The Pagan had no assurance of the stability of science; for his gods were fickle and subject to chance. The Christian, amid all changes, sees the same Intelligence presiding and carrying forward his purposes by invariable laws. Whether the earth stand in the water or out of the water, whether the heavens shine tranquilly or pass away with a great noise, the Christian expects his possessions of truth, moral or natural, to be like God—eternal.

The Bible, by the reflected light of the eternal world, gives sublimity to the most unimportant events of this.

If the soul of man were to be blown out as a candle, or pass into other bodies like a viewless gas, why should we kindle the midnight taper, or point a tube to the heavens? Plato, after speaking of Acheron and the islands of the blessed, says, "For the sake of these things we should make every endeavor to acquire virtue and wisdom in this life." What, then, is the influence of that Gospel which brings life and immortality to light? The Christian says, "I shall, like Jesus, rise from the grave; I shall walk the heavenly plains. All these trials are working out for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. I shall reap

the advantage of this mental discipline and this moral cultivation, when I see light in God's light; when I take in knowledge with my understanding as I do now with my eye; when I move as swiftly as I think." How little encouragement would the youth have to study, if he were sure that he would be laid in the grave before he graduated, and had no hope beyond it? It is the expectation of honors and usefulness in another and higher sphere in life that spurs him onward. So with the Christian; he looks into the heavenly city; he sees that one star differeth from another star in glory; he hears the harps of angels; his heart leaps responsive to their call.

The Scripture, too, explicitly teaches the doctrine of human responsibility. Scripture assures us that each man shall in the last day give account of *himself* to God. All actions shall be brought to light; all words, even the idle, shall be charged, and every thing that has been done or uttered shall be traced to its proper motive. This great doctrine can not fail to be strengthening to the soul. Suppose we were placed in some mysterious spot, where every thought should be telegraphed upon a column in the court-house—how careful should we be to think true, and strong, and pure! Suppose we stood before a mirror which reflected all our actions to the eyes of the community—how careful should we be to do that which is "holy, just, and good!" Suppose we spoke in some whispering gallery, which repeated our words in every ear in the nation—how careful should we be to utter the words of truth and soberness only! Under such a process, if the mind could bear it, would it not be girded up to its highest energies! Now, there is such a telegraph, docketing our words on the columns of the court of the universe; there is such a mirror, reflecting our acts to the eye of God; there is a gallery, which repeats our words in his ear; and every time the Christian meditates upon it his mind is nerved and impelled heavenward.

This doctrine gives interest and dignity to the most uninteresting scenes and unimportant actions of life; it invests every word with majesty, because it invests it with immortality. Suppose that, by putting forth your hand, you could start into existence a steam-engine, whose marchings should be outward to the farthest verge of created things, and then round the zodiac of the universe, and after having performed one circuit it should commence another, and so on forever—how would your mind think and think to take the bearings of those eternal wheels, before you put forth the magic touch that should begin their endless and resistless revolutions! Would you dare move a finger without the command of Him who sees all things from everlasting to everlasting? Well, man's acts have this power and circuit, not in space, but in duration; not in consequence of the properties of his hand, but on account of the properties of the human souls on which he operates. If you cut a gash in a

man's head you may heal it; but you can never rub out, nor wash out, nor cut out the scar. It may be a witness against you in his corpse; still it may be covered by the coffin, or hidden in the grave; but then it is not till decomposition shall have taken place, that it shall *entirely* disappear. But if you smite a soul, the scar remains; no coffin or grave shall hide it; no revolution, not even the upturning of the physical universe, shall obliterate it; no fire, not even the eternal furnaces of hell, shall burn it out. This thought, while it awakens fear, arouses hope. Go learn astronomy; point your tube toward unknown depths of space; discover far off in ether a glorious planet; describe its orbit; take its weight, and write your name upon its bosom. O what an achievement! But I tell you what is worthier: "He that converteth a sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." Go rescue that wanderer from the verge of perdition, and, under God, you may plant a soul in the far-off ether of glory, that shall sphere itself around the throne, and bear upon its breast, as it wheels its eternal courses, your name, to be read by the angels of light.

Hence, it is no wonder that the Bible has intensely interested minds of the greatest compass and power—minds which mark the steps of moral progress from Moses downward. Men that have studied it night and day with head uncovered and on bended knees, till they could recite any passage, together with its context, and the criticisms of the best commentators, have felt increasing interest and made new discoveries in its pages every day.

Locke found the profoundest depths and Newton the sublimest heights in the book of God. Napoleon cried out, "The religion of Christ is a mystery which subsists by its own force." Luther exclaimed, "I am an old Doctor of Divinity, yet to this day I am not come out of the child's learning—the creed, the commandments, and the Lord's prayer." No wonder the greatest of modern philosophers—Lord Verulam—said, "Theology is the complement of the sciences, the Sabbath of the human intelligence, the divine day of repose and illumination."

We have argued from the tendencies of the Bible. We might reverse the line of argument with equal facility, and show from the effects of the word of God its power to enlighten and enlarge the mind. Trace it either round the earth or over the pages of history, and you describe a line of light. Indeed, scarce a ray of knowledge can be found that did not issue, directly or indirectly, from the altars which the law or the Gospel has enkindled? Why then, you ask, has it not, by this time, filled the earth with rays? Because the earth would not receive it. The dark ages were brought on by neglecting it. Even through that night the embers of the Bible glowed beneath the ashes of the altar; and ever since the days of the Reformation it has been illuminating the nation. Who pours light over the fields of philosophy? Who harnesses the lightning and yokes

the steam? Who pants for universal conquest? Who stands like the apocalyptic angel, in the sun? The Christian. And why, but because of his everlasting Gospel, which he holds for every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people? And now bear in mind that we have presented only one out of many of the blessings of the Gospel, and that but a comparatively inconsiderable one. The great secret of the Creator is simplicity of causes reconciled with multiplicity of effects. That sun which enlightens the planets preserves them from chaos, marshals them into order, and wheels them in harmony. The same Bible that illuminates the world is its fountain of order, of peace, and of salvation. It is not only a sun that illuminates the earth, it is a ladder that reaches into heaven, and a choir of angels singing, "On earth peace, good will to men," and, "Glory to God in the highest!"

THE MIDNIGHT CALL.

—
BY REV. D. F. CHASE.

My own heart has been frequently moved with deep and overwhelming sensation in some of the common incidents of a pastor's life. You would not suppose for a moment that the modern circuit or stationed preacher would not meet with vicissitudes, and alarms, and trials, and stirring incident sufficient to make his pathway interesting. Is there no romance in such scenes as the one I now wish to bring before the readers of the Repository?

A few evenings since I came from church, wearied down with the toils, anxieties, and joys of a meeting protracted nearly a month. I had fallen into a deep sleep, and thus, dreamless and senseless, had forgotten for once the Church, the altar, the weeping penitent, and the shouting new-born soul. Prayer had ceased to tremble in my heart or songs to rouse my soul. Hushed was all around me and deathlike, till knock, knock, knock at my door suddenly brought back mind to her seat, and sent the swift messengers to all parts of my dormant frame with the alarm, Was it the "spirit rappings?" They had been in town, it was said; and this hoax came to my mind at first on waking. If this was spirit, thought I, they are right lusty ones; and then another loud rapping, and I was fully awake.

It was midnight—solemn hour—awful stillness—twinkling starlight—stranger knocking—sudden waking—all made me feel fearful, shudder slightly, as several appalling thoughts ran through my mind. My inquiry of the stranger brought the answer, "Widow H.'s child is dying, and she wants to see you." Wearied as I was, I hastened to obey this summons; and a few minutes more brought me to the widow's humble residence. The suffering little one was in its mother's arms. Its eyes wore the glassy hue of death. Its breath was short and distressing; and, with its face turned

imploringly toward its mother, it was dying. I spoke of Jesus' tender invitation: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." "Yes," said the widow, "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." We sung a song—a sweet, consoling midnight anthem—and bowed humbly before the throne. O it was sweet to pray then! O how I loved my religion then—the religion of Jesus—the widow's solace! The widow found in the Savior peace, and let her babe go freely to her partner in the skies.

After all, I could do nothing to comfort except to point to the Lamb. My work done, I retired; and soon after the plumed spirit of the little sufferer flew away to Jesus, and left the clay casket in the mother's loving arms. It is gone to nestle in the bosom of Jesus, and expand its powers amid the healthful scenes of paradise. The mother is kissing the clay, and Jesus is holding the enraptured spirit in his arms. The next day we took what was left to its little bed in the dust, and the widowed mother may fondly hope to see it rise; for the Savior will come again.

Dear friend, perhaps you are a widow—perhaps you have kissed the last tear from your dying infant's face, and seen it tremble and fade at the touch of death; if so, remember one thing—Jesus lives enthroned, and

"God will gather them again;
In his garden they will grow,
On that green and lovely plain,
Where the crystal waters flow—
Never more to lay their head
Faintly on the cold earth bed."

A WORD ON CONTENTMENT.

THAT quaint old writer, Isaac Walton, thus discourses on the pleasures of contentment. It will be seen that he could talk with some sense on moral topics, as well as discourse with vivacity on the most expeditious and elegant way of catching fish:

"I have a rich neighbor who is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money. He is still drudging on, saying that Solomon says, 'The diligent hand maketh rich.' And it is true, indeed; but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy; for it was wisely said, by a man of great observation, 'That there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them.' We see but the outside of a rich man's happiness; a few consider him to be like the silkworm, that, when she seems to play, is at the very same time spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself. And this many rich men do—loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have already got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and competence, and, above all, for a quiet conscience."

GLEANINGS FROM THE GIANT MOUNTAINS.

A REMINISCENCE OF BOHEMIA.

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM WELLS.

THE *Riesengebirge*, or Giant Mountains, separate Bohemia from Silesia, and are among the most romantic of Central Europe.

They are not so gigantic as the Alps; but their highest peak—the Snow-Cap—almost revels in the regions of eternal snow; for late in the summer months its white hood still covers its hoary head, and here and there, in some wild chasm, may be found, during the whole summer, masses of the purest snow.

On many of the summits are the summer cabins of the shepherds of the mountains, who here superintend their little flocks during the warm season, and lead a happy though abstemious life, apparently cut off from all the pleasures of the world, and still creating a little world within themselves, as they sing their mountain melodies and guard their herds. The highest peaks of the Giant Mountains resound with peculiar songs, intermingled with the tinkling bells, that tell the shepherds where to find their modest wealth—all that most of them possess on earth.

Looking from those ideal and truly poetic homes down into the valley below, the cabins, that here and there form a resting-place for the eye, seem like a necklace on the bosom of the mountain; and when the wandering glance reaches the valley, it meets with a scene of activity that strangely contrasts with the stillness above. At intervals, where the deep forest has yielded its dominion of the land, may be seen the high chimneys and still higher columns of deep black smoke, towering over the blast-furnaces, as they melt down the ore taken from the bowels of the mountains. If the view is extended farther, smiling valleys peep over their neighboring summits, village follows after village, and the scanty harvest of the hill-side is seen rewarding the toiling husbandman.

A peculiar beauty of these valleys are the thousand little rivulets that every-where adorn their surface. Nearly every cottage has its brook; and even on the unfriendly heights, although almost inaccessible, the shepherd has built his cabin, if a rumbling water-course has promised a fresh and plentiful supply for his flocks.

The principal occupations of the inhabitants of the Giant Mountains is, naturally, the raising of domestic animals; and they live in the simplest style, their main articles of nourishment being bread, butter, cheese, milk, and the trout of their streams; for, though they spend their lives in raising live stock, they seldom enjoy the luxury of meat—it is too precious on the market-place to permit the poor owners to indulge in it themselves. Few of the peasants of the Giant Mountains touch meat more than once a week, and many not that

often. We once sojourned for several weeks in one of the villages of this romantic region, and had ample opportunity to observe with how very little man can live and be happy. The back window of our apartment looked out into a neighboring yard, which belonged to the cottage of a poor weaver, whose loom scarcely ceased to rattle from sunrise till long after dark. The yard was filled with trees that afforded an inviting shade, and under one of these the poor peasant and his wife and children used to take their meals. They sat down on the grass at the foot of the tree, and the wife brought out a board, and laid it on the ground, and on this board was a loaf of rye-bread and a bowl of cheese, called smear-case, or cottage cheese. This they spread on the bread and ate morning, noon, and night, and seemed perfectly satisfied. The husband would often sing a village song when they were done, or play awhile with the children, and then retire to his loom. His only extra enjoyment was a mug of weak beer in the evening, out of which his wife would take a few swallows. In the yard they kept a few geese, which they carefully fattened, and on some great occasion or grand holiday one of these geese was killed and eaten; but this was an occurrence of such importance that the children were in high glee for a week before the goose was killed, and were frequently admonished to be good, or they would get none of the goose. And these people seemed truly contented with their lot, and complained far less than city denizens rolling in luxury.

The inhabitants of the Giant Mountains are a mixture of German and Slavonian. The German idiom is naturally much corrupted, but it is soft and agreeable in sound, and impresses one with the true-heartedness of those who speak it. The language of the Slavonians in Bohemia is a perfect dialect, so that other tribes of the same origin find no little difficulty in conversing with them. They are all passionately fond of music. Be where it may—in the cottage, the cabin, or the hut, by the waterfalls or on the mountains—the traveler hears the tones of the voice mingled with those of the rude harp, with the strains of the violin, or the music of clarionet. In the villages, the peasants, the mechanics, and the laborers have their singing circles, and even form the Church choirs for sacred music. On the mountain summits the shepherd plays on his Alpine horn, and *yodels* to his flock; he spends many of his solitary hours in playing with the echo of his own instrument.

In religion the mountaineers of this region are partly Protestant and partly Catholic; and they, as all dwellers among the mountains, seem deeply impressed with religious convictions; they frequently walk for miles to their churches. In some of the villages, where the religious confession is about equally divided between Protestant and Catholic, they all live together in such harmony as to use the same place of public worship, at different hours, the village being too small to erect

two buildings. And this uncommon spectacle produces no clashing and no contention; they live peaceably and amicably together.

Their indomitable industry is really remarkable. They frequently take a dreary waste of rocks, and, by unceasing labor, turn them into a dwelling-place, and adorn them with a cabin. All they demand is a stream of water; they then carry earth in large baskets on their backs, men, women, and children, and with it cover these rocks with soil, and adorn it with vegetation. We have seen the peasant-women laboring for weeks, in thus carrying earth up the mountains, to make for themselves a home, where before all was barren.

Most of the inhabitants of the Giant Mountains, who do not gain their livelihood by their flocks or from the soil, are linen weavers; for very large quantities of flax are annually raised in these regions. These poor weavers truly earn their bread by the sweat of their brow; for since the introduction of machinery in other countries in the manufacture of linen, their business has been so depressed by the competition that they can scarcely live from their earnings. They are too poor to introduce this expensive machinery among themselves, and are thus left to struggle with their hands against a killing superiority. In the village where we struck our tent for a few weeks, we made it our business to investigate their condition. The most skillful of the hand weavers can, by diligence, earn *one dollar* a week, and this by laboring for about twelve or fifteen hours per day! The average wages of the men is, perhaps, not more than seventy-five cents per week; the women earn from thirty to fifty cents weekly; and the children fifteen to twenty. And yet with this scanty supply these men support their families; but, as already mentioned, their table knows no other luxury than bread, cheese, milk, and butter. Their domestic arrangements must, of course, be of the simplest kind—a couch, a table, and a few stools; and this simplicity gives all an opportunity to labor, as they are obliged to do, mothers as well as children; and when the latter are too young to take care of themselves, they are frequently placed in a sort of hood on the mother's back, while she follows her daily occupation.

One would suppose that such hardships would lead to misery and degradation; but they do not here, as a rule: and it appeared to us that two powerful influences accounted for this; namely, religion and temperance—the former gives them consolation and contentment, and the latter health. They are thoroughly imbued with a religious feeling, and believe that they have no reason to complain of their lot as long as they can perform their religious duties unmolested.

There is, however, a very dark side to this picture at times: this poverty is so excessive as to admit of no provision for sickness, or short supply of food. When, therefore, either of these misfortunes comes upon the peaceable inhabitants of the Giant

Mountains, their sufferings are indescribable, and, in the desperation of misery, they at times commit excesses against the government or heavy landed estates, both of which they, to some extent, justly look upon as their oppressors. The cholera made the most awful ravages over this country, and swept away thousands. Large numbers of physicians left Berlin on the intelligence of the severity of the epidemic, and their reports were really heart-rending. In some instances they found cabins closed up tightly, and, on forcing them open, there lay the whole family in the embrace of death. Again, entire villages would leave their habitations and take refuge in the mountains, under the opinion that the disease is contagious. Many of these died from exposure and want, and many more from the very epidemic they fled from.

Some years ago, during the scarcity of bread-stuffs, hundreds died from starvation; and collections were taken up in all the large cities of Germany for the assistance of those who were actually without food enough to keep them alive. During this period some neighborhoods were merely kept alive by making a kind of soup from the nutritious barks of some of the trees that grow on their mountains. At this time the price of labor was reduced to a few cents per day, and many of the peasants left their homes and fled to the cities to escape almost certain death.

At this very period we happened to be in Berlin, and the same papers that would teem with these tales of woe would fill other columns with brilliant accounts of balls and receptions at court, where thousands were lavished in shameless folly, while the subjects of a distant province were endeavoring to support life by trying to draw sustenance from the bark of trees. This crying inconsistency and heartlessness occasionally calls down the wrath of the people on the heads of their rulers in the form of a revolution; the oppressors tremble, grant concessions, become wonderfully interested in the public welfare for awhile, and as soon as the danger is past, and they are once more firmly established, they are very sure to forget the claims and necessities of the dear people. And the latter are quite as ready to forget, when their material welfare again returns to the very low standard at which they are pleased to be contented.

Such are the inhabitants of these mountainous regions—laborious, patient, and meek. Many of them employ the long winter evenings in making toys or little boxes in wood; even the young children have an astonishing facility in cutting all kinds of animals in wood, and their skill is made the source of a very meager income; for a toy that it takes them all day to cut is sold for two or three cents. Others make musical instruments, such as guitars and violins. But the peasants and the shepherds appear the happiest portion of the population, although their occupations are no where more laborious than here. If the rye does not grow, they plant oats, and frequently at such a

hight that the snow comes upon it before it ripens. Every blade of grass is used by the shepherds; for if they find a spot that their animals can not approach, they climb to it with ladders, and sickle and bring down their booty to feed their beasts. And notwithstanding all these privations and endless toils, they cling with a childish and unchangeable love to their mountains and their rivulets, and exchange them seldom for a more convenient or luxurious home. They are overjoyed when the stranger comes from a distance to admire their mountains and waterfalls, and think it must be a home worth having that thus attracts their visitors. They are proud that the fame of the Giant Mountains has gone abroad into other lands, and rejoice that the natural beauties of their region cause others to part with a little of their superfluity, and help them to obtain an honest subsistence.

But those who visit them must be prepared to enjoy the rough side of the world, for they will meet with little that can be called comfort; nothing is found here but nature, simplicity, and the merest necessities to civilized life. Comfort is a word not yet introduced into their vocabulary, and they care as little about pleasing the eye as about pampering the body. To relish a meal and a bed among the Giant Mountains one must be hungry and tired. Now, by a wise provision of nature, this is just the place where one becomes hungry and tired without the least difficulty; for the beauties of nature force the traveler to walk or climb all day, and the pure, invigorating atmosphere gives him the appetite of an ostrich. But rough and uncouth as it is, few leave the country without a regret, or fail to sigh after its mountains on the return of spring.

Like all other mountaineers, the people of this region are imbued with a spirit of wild and romantic poetry, and no circumstance has made this country more widely known in Germany than the fame of

RUBEZAHLE.

THE MOUNTAIN SPECTER OF THE RIESENBERG.

The tricks and capers of Rubezahl—at times droll, at others vexing, and again tinged with a warm sympathy for the good and a hatred for the wicked—are the theme of every story and the burden of every song. Every play of nature, in forest, in rock, or in waterfall, is attributed to the spectral influence of this spirit of the mountains; and even the days of childhood, beginning with the happy hours of the nursery, are enlivened by the stories about Rubezahl, related with such incomparable beauty and touching simplicity in the fables of Musäus.

As the story goes, Rubezahl, the mountain king, dwells in the deepest and most sepulchral abysses of these mountains, but ranges, at his pleasure, over the whole of his wide and wild domain, from the mountain-top to the chasm's bosom. He appears in every imaginable shape, according to the object which he has in view—sometimes he is a

dragon, a wolf, a bear, a snake, or a goat; then, again, he is a simple hunter, or an herb-gatherer, who meets the solitary wanderer, and leads him astray by false information, or conjures up a terrific storm for his destruction. In this disguise he often follows those who have slandered him, and thus punishes their temerity; and, on the contrary, he visits the needy and oppressed under the same cloak, and comforts and aids them; he becomes a warm-hearted friend of the pious peasant, and an avowed enemy of covetousness and injustice.

Numerous fables of his exploits still live in the mouths of the people; and in earlier times they all possessed an unshaken belief in his existence, and, of course, cherished no small amount of respect and fear for his person. During the last century the religious and moral culture of these mountaineers has been so much augmented, that Rubezahl has lost much of his importance, especially since little shrines or chapels have been erected on the principal summits, as these are believed to drive away at least all the evil influence. But among the older people the belief in the specter is still rife, and they retain a blind confidence in his power, whatever may be said against him. Even the younger generations, although they may laugh at the stories, can not divest themselves of the superstition, when chance throws them into very suspicious company or circumstances, while roaming over the mountains. Many a wonderful occurrence still takes place in these solitudes, that can be solved in no other way than by attributing them to the influence of Rubezahl.

When the mists of the morning girdle the summits of the Riesengebirge, all sorts of giant and fantastic forms seem to play on their crests; now they approach the shepherd as if about to swallow him up, and again they fly before him, as if anxious to escape from his sight; not unfrequently he sees himself magnified into a great giant, striding along in the distance. All these are nothing more than optical illusions, easily explained by natural laws, and peculiar to the Riesengebirge, and the Hartz Mountains of Hannover, where the "*Specter of the Brocken*" has long held his orgies, to the terror of the peasants. But who can convince the poor, uneducated mountaineer of this simple fact? and how can he comprehend these laws of light? What is more natural than the creation of fanciful spirits to fill the void which ignorance has created? and what more praiseworthy than to acknowledge in these spirits the power to reward good and punish evil? Such is the origin of Rubezahl and the cognomen of the Giant Mountains.

Before finishing our story, we propose roaming over them, and gleaning a few of the many curious spots with which they abound. And first, let us stop a few moments, and glance at the

BONE CHAPEL OF TSCHERBENAL.

It is situated in a little village, half German and half Bohemian, which is the usual limits to the

promenade of the guests of the neighboring springs of Nachod. The Bone Chapel is the grand object of interest in the village, and has drawn many a stranger to its walls, many a guest to its inns, and dollars to its pockets. The somber fancy of a village pastor of years gone by caused three altars to be erected in the chapel, each of which is ornamented and supported with human skulls, while four and twenty thousand skulls of human beings form the pavement of the floor! On the grand altar stands a complete skeleton, and the side altars are supported by pictures of the angels of death and judgment. The ceiling and the walls are likewise formed of skulls, interspersed with cross-bones. The present pastor points to many of these relics, and says this is the skull of such and such a one, and calls particular attention to one formerly belonging to the mayor of the village, who was shot in the Seven Years' War. And strange as this taste may seem, the Bone Chapel is not without its fellows in other parts of Europe. We once spent several hours in a chapel on the Lake of Como, which was constructed in the interior entirely of human bones. The skulls were so arranged in the walls that the hollow eye-sockets gave us such a ghastly stare on entering, that we almost felt reproved for thus gazing at this violation of the sanctity of the dry bones of the departed.

Even in Rome there is a subterranean Bone Chapel, which is mostly visited in Passion-Week. It is then trimmed with black, and dimly lit with a few tapers. On the walls are groups of bones arranged according to architectural rules; and in the center rises an altar, supporting the picture of the death, and shaded with cypresses; while the whole is inclosed with arabesks made out of bones, in the shape of hearts, stars, and triangles. Even the vessel of holy water is a human skull. To increase the terrors of death, a corpse is sometimes placed near the altar, and at its feet is placed a skull as a box in which to throw alms for the poor. To strengthen the effect by contrast, flowers and fresh leaves are strewn around. This festival of death, as it is termed, lasts for a week, during which time, day and night, the monks chant their vigils for the souls of the deceased. This much for the Bone Chapel of Tcherbenai.

Near one of the summits of the Reisengebirge is

THE MEADOW CABIN,

a mountain inn for the accommodation of those who ascend to the Snow Peak, as the summit is called for its partiality to a mantle of snow. The Meadow Cabin is more than four thousand feet above the level of the sea, and the highest human habitation of the Giant Mountains. It is firmly built, to withstand the storms of winter; and at its side flows the rivulet that is soon to dash over precipice after precipice under the name of the Elbe, one of the most picturesquely beautiful rivers of Germany. By the time the traveler reaches the Meadow Cabin he is cold and weary, and the immense stove made of stone, that fills up half

the available space of the interior, is a welcome that is appreciated by frosty limbs. The company gathered round this cherished article of comfort is a motley group of Bohemians, Gipsy girls with tambourines, travelers from all quarters, and the usual complement of guides and servants. All sorts of things intended to be garments are hanging round the stove in the act of drying, and pipes of every shape are pouring forth huge volumes of smoke of every flavor. In a few minutes a table is placed near the stove, and the travelers last arrived are invited to a meal of bread, butter, cheese, omelet, and wine, the Gipsy girls strike up a tune, and the fatigue of the ascent is soon forgotten in the contrast between the good cheer and hearty welcome in the inside of the Meadow Cabin, and the cold and dreary wind that whistles around the peaks that gaze down on it. But the pleasures of the Meadow Cabin can not be long enjoyed; for it is only a station in

THE ASCENT TO THE SNOW PEAK.

The traveler is hurried on by the guides, who, in their eagerness to reach the summit, refuse to turn aside to visit "Rubezahl's Garden" or the "Devil's Meadow," notwithstanding the strange legends told about these wonderful spots. The rain beats down, and the wind drives about the loose snow, but it may be all right on the peak, and the next morning may afford a perfect sunrise, and, therefore, there is no turning back. The path leads over marshy turf, barren, loose stones, or the sides of cliffs; again it ascends, step by step, over rocks of gray granite. The storm still blows, and the mist gathers dense as clouds; now and then a glance may be had of the chapel on the summit, which is a safe place of retreat; and at last it is reached, amidst wailings at the hardships and rejoicings at the victory gained of standing on the top of the Snow Peak.

The chapel is a stone cabin, made strong enough to resist all the attacks of the elements, and large enough to accommodate all those who generally desire to pass the night on the summit for the chance, often doubtful, of witnessing the sun rise on the following morning. The host is generally provided with warm broth or soup, sausage, ham, etc., for the natural man; and thick mantles and heavy blankets help to make the long tables and benches pretty comfortable sleeping-places after so toilsome an ascent. Religious worship is on certain festival days performed at the chapel, whence its name and architectural form; and many of the peasants believe that since the priests have taken possession of the Snow Peak, that Rubezahl has left, in disgust at this invasion of his dominions.

Half an hour before sunrise all is noise and bustle in the chapel, during the preparations to catch the first rays of the sun that may chance to shoot over these elevated regions, and lose themselves in a sea of mist. A cry is suddenly raised, "The sun! the sun!" But it is a false alarm; Phœbus is merely playing pranks, and threw a stray ray into the mist far above even the Snow

Peak. For a few minutes all is uncertainty; for the denseness of the mist is so deceptive that even the guides can not tell whether the sun will pierce or not, till time has shown good or bad fortune. In a moment a yellow, fiery band appears in the east, and in an instant it shoots over the ocean of mist and plays on its surface, affording a spectacle peculiarly grand, and only to be viewed from great elevations at the moment of sunrise. But in another moment it is gone, and all is dreary and threatening again. Even this is a sight well worth seeing; but the matchless spectacle is presented only on a perfectly clear morning, when the immense and imposing panorama of nature, for forty or fifty miles around, is in one instant bathed with a sea of fire. It is not often, however, that these great elevations are sufficiently free of mist to afford this spectacle, and hundreds ascend and descend disappointed. The celebrated Righi of Switzerland is ascended for this purpose, and we have seen several hundred on its summit doomed to look and hope in vain.

Another spot among the Reisingebirge well worthy of a visit from the stranger is

THE CASTLE OF FISCHBACH.

This is a castle of the olden times, renovated for a modern prince, who is not insensible to the beauties of nature and the charms of a retired and reflecting life. It is situated in one of the most romantic regions of the Giant Mountains, and speaks well for the taste of the Knights Templar, who founded it in the twelfth century as a safe and agreeable retreat. Its style is antiquated in the extreme, being fairly covered with turrets; and even its garden shows the taste of the middle ages. Prince William, of Prussia, a patron of the arts and lover of the beautiful, has beautified it at no inconsiderable expense. What gives an air of greater romance to the castle, and brings it many more visitors, is the remarkable legend of the Golden Ass, which is said, and by many still believed, to roam in the forests of the neighboring mountains. The village of Fischbach, lying at the base of elevated rock which bears the castle, now numbers about fourteen hundred inhabitants and two churches. The villagers believe that when the Golden Ass is found Fischbach will become a large city, and the lucky finder will be made the mayor of said city. It is scarcely credible, but parties are still said to start out on expeditions after the Golden Ass, though no doubt more for the sake of keeping up an old custom of the village than in the hopes of success.

We will take leave of the romantic region of the Reisingebirge with

THE WATERFALL OF ADERSBACH.

The rocks of Adersbach present a labyrinth of the most remarkably grotesque masses of sandstone. The sugar loaf is a column of stone about fifty feet in height, very narrow and thin, with the small end downward; that is, an inverted sugar loaf in form, which seems prepared to fall over at the

slightest concussion. Passing this, which stands as a guard at the entrance, there suddenly appears a mass of rocky formations which look like a deserted village. Here are the roofs of houses fallen in, there the holes that seem as if they had once contained windows, and on either side extend small streets or alleys. The traveler is struck with a feeling of desolation and barrenness; and a little stretch of the fancy transports him into a newly discovered Pompeii, but above the ground. The guide opens a door which leads into another group, so fantastically shaped by the long action of currents of water, that it seems as if dame Nature, in a comical mood, had been trying her hand at an unknown architecture. A small path leads through a cold, damp chasm, in whose depths murmurs a small water-course. On both sides of this passage are indescribably various formations; which have put the imaginations of the mountaineers to a task for names; but they have surmounted the difficulty, as we will demonstrate.

On one side the guide shows the echo-stone, a Capuchin monk, a glove for the left hand, the counselor in a wig, an urn, and a nun. A motley group, it is true, but not yet exhausted. We have still a gallows, a hollow tooth, a lion's head, a pulpit, a whale, a mushroom, and—etc.; for this is certainly enough. Having left this passage, a dark grotto is entered, where the splashing of the water can be heard. The explorer enters, and takes his seat as directed by the guide. Suddenly a gate that dammed up the water above is opened, and a mass of water descends like a white foam, separating into millions of pearls and diamonds in the basin below. Again the floodgate is raised, and a still greater quantity falls with a rushing and roaring among the grottoes. Crystals form and dissolve, stars and flowers appear and disappear, twinkling and sparkling like precious stones, till the whole seems like one great kaleidoscope. The water ceases to fall, the surface of the pool is covered with a light foam, and the traveler leaves the grotto and waterfall of Adersbach.

ANECDOTE OF BURNS.

BURNS was standing one day upon the quay at Greenock, when a wealthy merchant had the misfortune to fall into the harbor. He was no swimmer, and his death would have been inevitable, had not a sailor plunged in, and, at the risk of his own life, rescued him from his dangerous situation. The Greenock merchant, upon recovering a little from his fright, put his hand into his pocket, and generously presented the sailor with a shilling! The crowd, who were by this time collected, loudly protested against the contemptible insignificance of the sum; but Burns, with a smile of ineffable scorn, entreated them to restrain their clamor; "for," said he, "the gentleman is of course the best judge of the value of his own life."

LEAVES FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

TAKEN OUT OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.

BY PLEBEIUS.

CHAPTER VIII.

Early settlers on the Kanawha—Interrogation of travelers—"Old Billy Morris"—His character, manners, dress—Elected to the Virginia Legislature—Two anecdotes of him—Anecdotes of Volney—Want of persons authorized to solemnize marriage—Two magistrates appointed by court for that purpose—Squire W., of Charleston, one of them—A wedding by morning twilight—Squire W.'s form of marrying—Abbreviates it—Amusing scenes at a wedding—Account of a singular wedding—The finale of it.

As proposed in our last chapter, we shall give, in this, some anecdotes of life on the Kanawha, in the olden time.

Up to near the close of the last century, there had been but little emigration to that region, and the sparse settlements which had been formed were "few and far between." The lands along that river and its larger tributaries had already been mostly entered, in large tracts, under military land-warrants, issued to Revolutionary officers of the Virginia line. But few of the large proprietors resided on these lands; and having no agencies for the sale of them, the early settlers were mostly "squatters." These were then frontier settlements; and the country lying west of them was yet owned and occupied by the red men of the forest. But few travelers, therefore, visited or passed through these settlements, in reaching which the Alleghany range of mountains had to be passed, and an unbroken wilderness traversed. The weary traveler was sure to be hailed at almost every cabin which he passed with sundry interrogatories, as to where he was from, his destination, business, etc. And 'if, by his garb or appearance, he seemed to be a man of wealth, he was usually taken to be a landholder or speculator, and underwent such additional catechising as seemed most likely to elicit from him the secret, apprehending that the stranger might be the owner or purchaser of the lands on which they had "squatted."

Among the earliest and most substantial settlers on the Kanawha, were several families of the name of Morris. The most prominent of these was "old Billy Morris"—as he was familiarly called—who resided on the river, about twenty miles above Charleston, where he owned a large and valuable plantation. Reared from his boyhood on the frontier, he had no opportunity of acquiring any education, which he much deplored. He was, however, a clear-headed and strong-minded man, and possessed great influence in the settlement, and was much esteemed. His manners and habits were those of a hardy, independent backwoodsman, unacquainted with, and untrammelled by, the artificial varnish or usages of polished life. His dress was in keeping with his mode of life, the hunting-shirt and moccasins being always a part of his costume. On the organization of Kanawha county, Mr. Morris was chosen, by his fellow-citizens, one of their

first representatives in the Virginia Legislature. On reaching Richmond, the seat of government, he laid aside his hunting-shirt and moccasins for a fashionable suit of broadcloth and fair-top boots—the first time he had ever been thus arrayed. It is said, that in the evening, when a servant laid down before him a boot-jack and pair of slippers, Mr. Morris not comprehending at once the design of such movement, a parley something like the following took place:

"What do you want, boy?"

"Your boots, massa, to black 'em."

"But what is that *there* thing for?" pointing to the boot-jack.

"To draw your boots wid, massa."

Taking the jack in his hands, Mr. Morris placed the fork on the heel of one of his boots, and vainly essayed to push it off his foot; while Pompey, looking on a few moments, enjoying the perplexity of the backwoods legislator, and grinning a smile that showed his double row of ivory, stepped forward to his relief.

"Dis way, massa," said he, gently taking the jack out of Mr. Morris's hands and placing it on the floor before him—"stand on it wid one foot, massa, and put t'oder heel in here, while I hold on by de toe, and den pull your foot out."

One day, while the house was in session, Mr. Morris received, at his seat, a note containing a polite invitation from the Governor, to dine with him. He opened the note, and looked over it as if reading its contents, although he could neither read nor write; then dashing it down on the floor, and stamping on it, exclaimed in a tone somewhat excited, and loud enough to be heard by the members in the quarter of the house where he sat, "I'll support no such law!" A member who sat near him picked up the note and read it; and surprised at the reception it had received from the gentleman from Kanawha, said to him, "Why, Mr. Morris, you are mistaken! This is an invitation from the Governor to dine with him to-morrow." "Is it!" exclaimed Mr. Morris, feeling in his pockets as if searching for his spectacles—"is it, indeed! I thought it was a note from Mr. — to get me to vote for his bill, now before the house, which he knew very well I wouldn't do; and as I had left my spectacles at my room, I could not read it."

Mr. Morris took good care that his sons should never labor under the embarrassments he had for want of learning; for he gave them the best classical education, and furnished them with ample means of storing their minds with all useful knowledge. One of them we well knew—a man of fine personal figure, a ripe scholar, and of high intellectual endowments. But, alas! his brilliant sun was early obscured by the intoxicating draught.

In the summer of 1796 C. F. Volney, the celebrated French infidel philosopher and traveler, was on his tour of the American continent, collecting materials for *Theory of the Winds*, in his "View of the United States." In his journey westward, he took

the unfrequented route down the Kanawha Valley, riding one horse and leading another, carrying his baggage, philosophical instruments, and camp equipage. It was told of him, that when in Greenbrier county—adjoining Kanawha—on starting one morning, his pack-horse refused to go. After several vain efforts to get the horse to obey the halter, Mr. Volney dismounted, and took from his provision-wallet a half of a corn "pone"—or loaf of corn bread—and tied it to the crupper of the saddle on which he rode. Then leading the pack-horse up to it, till he got the smell and taste of the pone, he moved off very willingly after the horse which carried it.

On passing the door of a cabin, three miles above Charleston, the proprietor came out and hailed him:

"Halloo, stranger!"

"Halloo!" responded Mr. Volney, as he reined up.

"Where are you from?"

"From France."

"France?—some little town, I suppose, in Old Feginnny?"

"No; it is a country in Europe."

"Well, well, no matter. What might your name be, stranger?"

"Volney."

"Where are you bound for, Mister?"

"Away down here, to the west."

"What business might you be after, stranger?"

"Well, I am on an exploring tour."

"O yes! I understand you now; you're going to buy lands, eh?"

"No, my friend," said Mr. Volney, pursuing his journey, "I am going down toward the sunseting, just to find out *where the winds come from*."

Mr. Volney pursued his journey leisurely down the Kanawha, and across the then North-Western territory, visiting various points, making astronomical and meteorological observations, and examining the geological structure of the country over which he passed, with observations upon its climate, inhabitants, etc. The result of his travels may be seen in his "View of the Climate and Soil of the United States," etc.

Much difficulty was experienced in procuring the services of persons authorized to solemnize matrimony. By the laws of Virginia no justice of the peace, unless specially appointed by the County Court for that purpose, had that authority, nor had any minister of the Gospel, although regularly ordained, unless he was a settled resident of the county, and appointed for that purpose by the Court. All itinerant ministers were, therefore, of course, excluded. In 1804 there was not, we think, one person in Kanawha county who had authority to solemnize matrimony. The Court, therefore, in that year, appointed for this purpose two magistrates of the county—one in the lower part thereof, and the other in Charleston. The latter—who was the father of young W.—being centrally located, had many more calls for the exercise of his office than his colleague; but being unable, from lameness,

to ride much without great suffering, he required all candidates for the connubial state to come to his dwelling. This they did, sometimes from a distance of twenty, or even thirty miles, either on horseback or in canoes on the river.

We well remember our surprise, on opening the front door of the 'Squire's house, at early dawn, one beautiful summer morning, to find, quietly seated on the benches in the porch, Mr. Leonard Morris, jr.—a cousin, we believe, of Bishop Morris—and his betrothed fair one, accompanied by some fifteen or twenty of their young friends, waiting till the 'Squire should be up, to tie the nuptial knot. The party had descended the river in canoes, in the night, from the residence of the young lady whom Mr. Morris was about to espouse—a distance of twelve or fifteen miles; and arriving before day, they had noiselessly and silently seated themselves in the porch, that the slumbers of the family might not be disturbed by them. The nuptial ceremony ended, the happy pair and their companions returned to their canoes, and were rapidly rowed back, ten miles, to the home of Mr. Morris, where a sumptuous breakfast had been prepared for them.

On the arrival of a wedding party at the 'Squire's, all the town usually ran together to witness the ceremony. Amusing incidents sometimes occurred on these occasions, one or two of which we will presently give, as examples. The 'Squire adopted for his form of marriage ceremony, that given in the Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and for some time put the young couple through the entire form prescribed in that ritual, without any abridgment, requiring them to repeat after him, clause by clause, in an audible and distinct voice, "I, —, take thee, —, to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward," etc. This was sometimes too severe a trial of their fortitude, in the presence of a promiscuous company of unbidden spectators, some of whom were ill-mannered and cruel enough to indulge in a titter at the embarrassment and faltering enunciation of the young pair who "had the floor." The 'Squire, after a while, at the suggestion of one of the Methodist circuit preachers, who was present at one of these weddings, left out that portion of the form which the parties were required to recite, and somewhat abbreviated the remainder, not cutting it down, however, to the mere skeleton commonly used by some Methodist ministers, in this "progressive" age.

On the arrival of a wedding party at the 'Squire's, one warm summer day, the betrothed couple, with an attendant each, were shown into a private room, to adjust their costume before appearing on the floor. Meantime, as usual on these occasions, the large front room where the ceremony was always performed, was pretty well filled by a promiscuous gathering of townsfolk, eager to see "the wedding." Every thing being arranged, and the 'Squire in his place, at a table near a back window, with the Rev. Abraham Amos, the preacher then on the circuit,

by his side, the young swain and his affianced emerged from their room, and, with some perturbation, presented themselves before the grave official to plight their faith to each other. The young gentleman, in a fit of abstraction, we suppose, had strangely forgotten to remove the beaver from his head, and was unconscious of his ludicrous breach of propriety; nor was it discovered by the downcast eyes of his blushing fair one. The 'Squire, who was intently peering through his large spectacles upon the book containing the ritual, saw naught else; and thus the ceremony commenced. The young lady's sister, who stood a little in the rear, blushed deeply with shame on his behalf, as well as her sister's; and glancing around among their friends, and seeing no one move to uncover the young gentleman, she plucked up courage to do it herself, and stepping up behind him, on tiptoe, with a sudden jerk—which well nigh threw him off his balance, and filled him with confusion at the discovery of his blunder—she removed the hat from his head, and ran with it into the adjoining room, slamming the door to after her. The spectators, whose risibility was hitherto with difficulty smothered down, found this too much to witness in solemn silence, and a general and audible titter burst forth. The 'Squire, who, with his eyes fixed upon the book, had seen nothing of what had occurred, raised his spectacles, and looked around to discover what could have caused such a breach of decorum. The reverend parson by his side, suppressing, with his handkerchief upon his mouth, the vocal titter in which he had himself indulged, called out, "*Order! silence!*" This having been obtained, the ceremony proceeded. On reaching that part where the official was about to pronounce the parties "man and wife," he directed them to join their right hands together. The young gentleman, as custom then required, had to draw the glove off that hand. This he essayed to do; but having, by the excessive heat of the day, and the embarrassing occurrence just mentioned, perspired very freely, his tight buckskin glove, now thoroughly moistened, defied all his efforts to draw it. After laboring some time at it ineffectually, he gladly held out his hand to a spectator who stood near, and had kindly offered to assist him. Placing his hat between his knees, the gentleman seized his hand, and by patient tugging finally got the glove off. This additional incident caused a renewal of the suppressed mirth, which broke out into a general and hearty laugh when the ceremony closed, and from which the newly married couple took refuge in a hasty retreat to the private room.

The 'Squire was called upon, on another occasion, to marry a young gentleman and lady, at the residence of her father, some three miles distant. The parties belonged to two of the most substantial and respectable families in the county. The young man, Mr. B., a farmer, owned a valuable plantation, was estimable in character, industrious, greatly esteemed by all who knew him, and of fine per-

sonal appearance. The young lady, Miss S., was likewise well off in the world, amiable, accomplished, and admired by all. On the day appointed the young gentleman called for the 'Squire, and took him to the residence of the young lady's father. Every arrangement was complete. The invited company were assembled and in waiting in the large parlor. The young gentleman and his fair one, with their attendants, occupied a back room adjoining and opening into the parlor. The 'Squire was seated, book in hand, at a table near a side window, flanked by the parents and family of the young lady. The hour fixed upon for the nuptials was drawing nigh, and a few minutes more would have found the parties upon the floor, arrayed in their beautiful nuptial robes:

"Hers the mild luster of the rising morn;

And his the radiance of the risen day."

At this critical moment two gentlemen, on horseback, are seen riding rapidly up the lane. On reaching the gate in front of the mansion, they quickly alighted and hitched their horses, and, passing hastily across the green yard, they entered the hall, where depositing their hats, whips, etc., they walked unceremoniously into the parlor where the invited guests were seated. One of them was a Baptist clergyman, from a distant part of the county, who, upon entering the parlor, took his stand in front of the table at which the 'Squire was seated—no one inviting him to a seat. The gentleman who accompanied him was a Mr. W., a young man of good personal figure and cultivated manners. Without stopping, he passed directly through the parlor into the room occupied by the young gentleman and lady about to be married, and who were seated together, with their attendants, awaiting the moment when they should be called to stand before the 'Squire. Without speaking a word, or noticing any person, Mr. W. advanced directly to Miss S., and, bowing gracefully to her, offered his hand, which she took, rising from her seat at the same time; and together they at once walked out into the middle of the parlor! The Baptist clergyman, at the same moment, advanced a few steps toward them, and, in a clear voice and a tone of solemnity, said:

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God, and in the presence of these witnesses, to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony. . . . Therefore, if any can show any just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else forever hereafter hold his peace."

The whole company were astounded at this proceeding. Amazement was depicted on every countenance. The parents of Miss S. were horrified, and their lips sealed in utter bewilderment. The truth at once flashed upon their minds; and they saw that a gross and well-concealed deception had been practiced upon them by their daughter, and that a well-concocted and skillfully executed scheme by her and Mr. W. had now its denouement. Mr.

B., almost stultified with amazement at the strange enactments he was witnessing, had unconsciously followed his false fair one and her new lover into the parlor, and his ears tingled with the appalling announcement made by the clergyman. The latter made scarcely a moment's pause for objections to the nuptials, but proceeded with the ceremony. Mr. B., indeed, had, at the momentary pause, hastily pulled his marriage license out of his pocket, opened it—his hand trembling the while—glanced hastily at the minister, as if about to hand him the license and forbid the bans; thence turning his glance, somewhat imploringly, to the 'Squire, and to the parents of the young lady, and finally upon the fair but cold-hearted deceiver herself, and her accomplice in the cruel plot. And when the minister pronounced them "man and wife together," Mr. B. uttered a very audible and emphatic "*Amen! So be it!*" and ordering out his horse, he abruptly, but silently, took his departure.

We will now inform the reader—what may have been already, in part, anticipated—that a mutual attachment, resulting in an engagement to each other, had long existed between Mr. W. and Miss S. But her parents were strongly opposed to the match, and forbade Mr. W. the house and their daughter from seeing him. Subsequently she was addressed by Mr. B., who was ignorant of her preattachment and engagement, and whose suit was warmly approved and favored by her parents; and he felt encouraged by the manner in which his addresses were received by the fair one herself, who was unwilling to grieve her parents by rejecting him. Mr. B. pressed his suit, and her consent was urged by the parents, till finally she seemed, tacitly, to acquiesce; and the day was fixed for the nuptials, as before related. In the mean time she had made the arrangement privately with Mr. W., the result of which the reader is already informed of.

It only remains to add, that Mr. B. afterward married an amiable and worthy young lady, by whom he was tenderly loved, and lived happily, and prospered in the world. It was known, both to Miss S. and her parents, that Mr. W., even before his courtship, had contracted a fondness for the intoxicating draught, of which he had occasionally given unmistakable evidence. Yet she preferred a reliance upon his solemn promise of amendment rather than to follow the wise counsels and warning of her parents. Let the fair young reader ponder the sequel! Mrs. W., as we learn, lived an unhappy life, and poor W. descended to—a *drunkard's grave!*

GILBERT WAKEFIELD tells us that he wrote his own Memoirs, a large octavo, in six or eight days. It cost him nothing, and, what is very natural, is worth nothing. One might yawn scores of such books into existence; but who could be the wiser or the better?

THE DEAD SEA EXPEDITION.

BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.

THOUGH Lynch's "Narrative of the United States Expedition to the Jordan and the Dead Sea" has been before the public for some two or more years, yet till lately I have not found convenient opportunity to read it. It is a large book of five hundred pages, extremely inconvenient, from its size, to read. It attempts to give, for popular use, a narrative of the Expedition, made by Lieutenant Lynch and his associates, of the United States Navy, to the Jordan and the Dead Sea. No doubt the Expedition was conducted and the observations made on principles scientifically correct, and the facts recorded in the book are unquestionably reliable. But the narrative is exceedingly dry, dull, and uninteresting. The Lieutenant, in the process of acquiring his education, seems to have inexcusably neglected composition. He seems not to know, or not to appreciate, the beauties of the English language—beauties in words, beauties in construction, and beauties in illustrative and ornamental figures of rhetoric. With, therefore, a finer chance than often falls to the lot of travelers or explorers for collecting material for a work of surpassing beauty and of absorbing interest, he has actually failed to make it readable. Should there be found any man of good literary taste who has read the book throughout, he must have done it merely as a task imposed on him by some peculiar considerations. Thus it often happens that one, with means of making a book, not only of sterling value, but of intense interest, fails for the want of tact or taste in composition. Is it, then, right for so important a part of education as skill in writing to be neglected? Yet in many of the first schools in the land no pains are taken by teachers to implant or pupils to cultivate the graces and the beauties of style. In some of the most famous colleges in America there appears of late an increasing neglect of the style of composition and the manner of delivery. In listening to the graduating addresses of the students on the Commencement days of five colleges, during the last summer, I was painfully impressed with the very general want of grace, finish, and beauty of style, and with the boisterous, harsh, and coarse manner of delivery. In the colleges east I found the style no better than in our youthful institutions of the west. I told them they needed in their institutions a Professor of *Amenities*.

The acquisition of a graceful, easy, and beautiful style of writing is not a matter of small import. Fine writing marks, in any age or country, the grade of civilization attained; and in any individual it is the exponent of the power of his cultivation of mind and of heart. If the scholar would be useful, it becomes his duty to acquire, if possible, skill, ease, and beauty in writing. The love for reading works of taste, of beauty of style, of poetic conception, and of finished execution is

nearly universal in the human race. Many an author is read wholly for his accomplished style. Nor is the world to blame for admiring fine style. Love of the beautiful is a part of our nature. We love beautiful sights and beautiful sounds. To read an author of beautiful style affects us not less pleasantly than to look on a beautiful picture or to listen to beautiful music. If, then, we would reach the heart and affect the understanding of the reader, so as to make on him an impression for good, we must not be inattentive to style.

Of all writers, those on religious subjects should be the last to neglect the graces of composition. Too long has the "gay world" monopolized not only the best poetry and the best music, but the best prose; and the literature of religion has been of a very ordinary quality. It is high time there was a revolution in this matter. We should reclaim for the service of religious literature all the aids of poetry, eloquence, and taste. Religious literature, including biography, hymnology, and even treatises on doctrinal and on practical religion, should assume a popular, tasteful, beautiful, and even elegant dress. Then, and then only, will it be read by those who have indeed the most need of reading it.

We shall never succeed in dislodging from popular affection beautiful literature by abusing its moral tendency. We may declaim long and loud against the poetry and the novels of the age. Our declamation will prove wholly unavailing, unless, while we proscribe the light literature to which we object, we furnish a substitute in the form of religious literature excelling in taste, style, and all the beauties of composition, poetry, rhetoric, and eloquence, for which God has given the human soul an appetite as ineradicable as that for food or drink.

While, therefore, you take from your child, on account of their immoral tendency, Byron and Bulwer, and Shelley and Scott, and Dumas and Dickens, be careful to furnish him a substitute of equal or superior beauty in conception and in style. And if there be no substitute, then have those to whom have been committed the destinies of religious literature proved sadly deficient in duty.

In reading Lynch's narrative of the Expedition, I have been forcibly impressed with the unsatisfactory results of all attempts to identify the places of sacred associations in Syria. Some few, and only a few places, may be identified. The Dead Sea, the Sea of Galilee, and the river Jordan of modern geography are doubtless the same as those bearing the same name in ancient times. The modern city of Jerusalem unquestionably stands on the ruins of the ancient city. The general features of the country, the mountains, the plains, the valleys, and the larger rivers are still there, as in the days of Abraham, of Solomon, and of Jesus. But the outlines only and the profile of the country retain resemblance of the ancient land of Palestine. The filling up of the landscape has wholly

changed. The lights and shades of the picture have commingled and changed places, till probably no Jew of the times of Solomon, or even of John the Baptist, should he, with the full exercise of his memory and all his intelligence, return to earth, could possibly identify any place, however familiar it might once have been to him. Nor is there any thing miraculous in the changes which have come over the physical appearance of the country. Precisely such changes do physical agencies always produce on hills and valleys subjected to the circumstances which are known to exist in Syria. The country is a region of numerous hills and narrow valleys. The hills, like all hills in countries of primitive geological formation, are mostly of rock thrown up by volcanic influence. In ancient times these rocky sides and summits were covered with soil, which supported a heavy growth of vegetation. Gradually the forests disappeared by means of the ax and of raging fires, which often sweep with terrific fury over mountain regions. Whenever the roots of the trees on the summits and the sides of mountains decay, the soil is easily washed away by the rains, till there is nothing left but solid and naked rock. You may see this tendency to denudation on the summits and sides of any mountain range in America. Thus by mere natural causes the hills of Palestine, which were once covered with groves on their summits, and with gardens and pastures on their sides, have been reduced to mere naked, barren rocks. Their appearance, therefore, has wholly changed. The landmarks which distinguished one hill from another have become wholly obliterated.

The destruction of the forests and the denudation of the mountains has, by exposing so much surface of rock to the sun, so increased the evaporation as to dry up the streams, which irrigated and rendered fertile the valleys. Sterility, therefore, in the land of Judea has taken the place of fruitfulness from causes sufficient to produce the same result in any country. Instead, therefore, of being, as once it was, a land flowing with milk and honey, it has become a land burnt, dry, and sterile, exhibiting scarcely more resemblance to its former self than does the grim and ghastly skeleton to the being of beauty and of life which was once associated with it.

And what matters it, though we may not see, in the present decayed and ruined region, even the lineaments of that fair land in which dwelt the patriarchs, and the prophets, and the Savior? What matters it that the manger, in which the Virgin mother laid the infant Jesus to rest, is no longer distinguishable among the thousand others in Bethlehem? What though no man living may designate the field in which the shepherds were watching their flocks, on that auspicious night in which the angels, with heavenly music, gave them a serenade? What though the landmarks of the garden of Gethsemane be wholly obliterated, and even the tragic hill of Calvary be

undistinguishable among the mountains that are "round about Jerusalem?" What though even the place of the holy sepulcher, for whose empty possession the powers of Europe and Asia contended so long and so bravely, can not be certainly identified?

For me it is enough to know, that the Son of God took on himself the nature of man, that he died for the world, and that, rising again in triumph from the grave, and ascending on high, he ever liveth to make intercession for sinners.

I would not much care to travel in Syria. I would not like to have tarnished by contact with the present the conceptual picture of the past, painted, on the ever-enduring tablet of my soul, by the living pencil of divine inspiration. I would not have disappear, in the blazing radiance of a Syrian sun, the shadowy twilight that floats in my eye over the mountains and the vales of Palestine. I would not have broken the spell nor dissolved the charm which youthful fancy threw around the ideal of that fair land. Let there remain, undisturbed by random touches from the coarse and common pencil of modern observation, the pristine picture, drawn by imagination, of Zion's hill, of the vale of Sharon, and of

"Siloa's brook,
That flowed fast by the oracle of God."

How vain is the hope of man in attempting to restore the past! The Jew yet lingers about the land of his fathers, expecting a day of restoration will yet come. But not to him nor to it will ever return the glory of the ancient times. His race is one doomed and desperate. His father-land is irretrievably desolate and utterly hopeless. Of it nothing remains but the skeleton. All that gave it beauty and life is gone, forever gone.

In the physical and the moral economy of the universe each organization of matter and each act of mind has its part to perform, and then they each return through dissolution to their original elements. Syria was the cradle of the human race. To the civilized world that country is now of as little use as would be the infant's cradle to the full-grown man. The Jews were once the chosen people of God—chosen and set apart for a specific purpose. That purpose being answered, they are no longer needed in the economy of grace. And vain are all their hopes of future power for themselves, or renown for their primeval country.

No one can read Lynch, or, indeed, any other book of travels in the east, or even in Europe, without being painfully impressed with the degraded and wretched condition of woman in all countries beyond the influence of Anglo-Saxon civilization. In Mohammedan countries females are only valued as marketable commodities, daughters being considered by the father legitimate articles of bargain and sale for wives to any one who can pay the price for them. Daughters inherit no share of the property of their parents. The father dies, leaving property and no son; the widow and orphan daughters are despoiled, and turned homeless on

the world, while the whole estate, which they have contributed to increase, is seized and divided among the male relatives of the deceased. It is generally supposed Mohammedanism allows woman no soul, and, of course, no future life. This, however, is a mistake. She is allowed to have a soul, but little, if any thing else.

The condition of utter seclusion in which woman is kept in the east is a most singular feature in the form of human association. What sense or reason can there be in shutting woman up in a securely barricaded pen, and never allowing her, under any circumstances, to show her face? Lieutenant Lynch tells a story of a father with a second wife, and a son with his wife, living for many years in the same house, without the father's ever having seen the face of his daughter-in-law, or the son that of his step-mother.

To us such a condition of society seems absolutely absurd. Yet there are among Anglo-Saxons some notions and practices, relative to the education and the legal rights of woman, scarcely less absurd. We may on this matter adopt the language of Burns:

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
An' foolish notion."

INTERRUPTIONS OF AUTHORS.

THOSE unhappy beings who wander from house to house, privileged by the charter of society to obstruct the knowledge they can not impart, to tire because they are tired, or to seek amusement at the cost of others, belong to that class of society which have affixed no other value to time than that of getting rid of it: these are judges not the best qualified to comprehend the nature and evil of their depredations in the silent apartment of the studious. "We are afraid," said some of those visitors to Baxter, "that we break in upon your time." "To be sure you do," replied the disturbed and blunt scholar.

The amiable Melancthon, incapable of a harsh expression, when he received these idle visits, only noted down the time he had expended, that he might reanimate his industry, and not lose a day. The literary character has been driven to the most inventive shifts to escape the irruption of a formidable party at a single rush, who enter without "besieging or beseeching," as Milton has it.

The late elegant, poetical Mr. Ellis, on one of these occasions, at his country-house, showed a literary friend, that, when driven to the last, he usually made his escape by a leap out of the window.

Brand Hollis endeavored to hold out the idea of singularity as a shield; and the great Robert Boyle was compelled to advertise in a newspaper that he must decline visits on certain days, that he might have leisure to finish some of his works.

THE FATAL VISIT.

BY REV. L. B. GURLEY.

"THIS is a fine morning, Henry; can you attend Church with me to-day? or are you engaged?" said Lucina L. to her husband, as she aided a younger sister, who resided with her, in removing the furniture and cloth from the breakfast-table.

It was a fine Sabbath morning, and at that season of the year when the bright and glowing summer is blending its radiance with the first tints of rich and golden autumn. The midnight breeze which had stirred the surface of Lake Erie had died away with the first blush of rosy morn, and a rich yellow sun threw its bright rays in a flood of glory over the tranquil waters. A quiet hush reigned throughout the village of H., and the silver tones of the Sunday school bell spoke of smiling faces and happy hearts. It was a day of promise to the Christian—a type of the "Sabbath of the soul." But it was just such a morning as might tempt an erring heart to forsake the sanctuary of God. The air was bland and soft, and the forest-trees which skirted the rising village were robed in gorgeous grandeur, and all nature seemed clothed in summer's rich and ripening beauty.

Lucina L., whom we have thus introduced, was a young and blooming wife. She had sustained this relation a few months only. Her husband was a physician, some twenty-five years of age. Lucina's love for him was unbounded; and in most respects he was well worthy of her confidence and affection.

For several weeks she had attended divine service without her husband; and on this delightful morning she was anxious to have him accompany her to the sanctuary. There may have been as much of self as of piety in this desire; but if it were even so, who could blame her? The young bride, accustomed to the most assiduous attentions from her *lover*, can not see, without deep concern, so great a change wrought in the conduct of her best beloved, that he can permit her to find her way to the sanctuary alone from Sabbath to Sabbath. He may plead study, business, or weariness, but her eagle eye will penetrate the flimsy veil. She may conceal her emotions in his presence, but burning tears will wet her cheek, and the iron will enter her soul. Lucina was proud of her husband; nor is it unlikely that this delicate sentiment was wounded. Might not observing eyes be turned upon her, and prying curiosity inquire, Why is it thus? and busy tongues whisper naughty things? When, therefore, she proposed the question to her husband it was not without some solicitude. The inquiry was made in a sweet, conciliatory tone, and she lifted her large blue eyes to the doctor's face, and paused for a reply.

"I am sorry, my dear, that I can not oblige you to-day," replied Dr. L.; "it is a charming morning, indeed, and I had thought of a little excursion in

the country. A couple of miles' sail up the river on such a fine day as this would be pleasant for us both. We will visit the old farm of Judge W., get a specimen of fruit from the first orchard planted in the country, and return in time for tea. I hope, dear, you will go with me. It is seldom, you know, that I ask you to go out on the Sabbath. But," continued he, "do as you please, Lucina; if you don't *wish* to go *say* so, and I—I—" here he paused. Lucina remained silent for a moment, with her eyes fixed on the floor. At length, without lifting them, she replied, in a calm and somewhat hesitating tone,

"Well, Henry, I would much prefer going to Church, as I have ever been accustomed to do on the Sabbath; but if you think I ought to accompany you, I will do so; but I hope we will return in time for the afternoon service."

A slight shadow, as from some disturbing thought, passed away like a cloud from the brow of the Doctor, and his face lighted up with an expression of the finest good-humor, as he exclaimed,

"Good, my love; I must attend Church half a dozen Sabbaths in succession to pay you for your kindness."

Lucina, as if encouraged, looked up with a pleasant smile. Had the last remark of her husband excited a hope the sacrifice she was making of a good conscience might result in his good? Did no voice from within whisper, "*Shall we do evil, that good may come?*"

Such, in substance, was the conversation which passed between Dr. L. and his young wife. Could his guardian angel have whispered in his ear at that moment, he might have said, "Alas, young man, how little do you dream that your footstep shall no more be heard on the threshold of God's house! The voice of your Lucina has invited you to the sanctuary for the last time."

Dr. L. was the son of respectable but not wealthy parents, who resided in one of the eastern states. His religious training had been such as to leave his mind without any definite views on theology or piety. He was no Atheist; yet the name of the Supreme Being awoke in his mind no sentiment of veneration or reverence. He never disputed the immortality of his soul; yet he seemed in no degree concerned for its future welfare. He was pleased that his wife was a Christian; for, as is usual with men, he had somehow associated a higher degree of moral purity and holy affection with the heart of a pious female, than can be found in others. In short, it may be said, that if he had no special taste for religion, he had no prejudice against it. He was just such a man as an intelligent and devoted wife might hope, by the firmness, and meekness, and ardor of true religion, to win to the cross of Christ.

He had hurried through his academic studies, and, after a short but close course of reading with an experienced physician, emigrated to Ohio, and commenced practice on the Western Reserve. The

country was still comparatively new, intelligent physicians scarce; and the close of his first year's practice found him pretty well established in business.

In the convivial circles of the winter evenings among the rural population, Dr. L. became acquainted with Lucina, to whom he was subsequently united. She was the daughter of an old pioneer of the country—a truly pious and respectable man. Lucy was a mere child when her father came to the country. I remember well how she looked in childhood—a real forest-nymph.

The literary advantages of the frontier settlements were extremely limited; but, through the praiseworthy exertions of an elder sister, Lucina, at the age of sixteen, had acquired an education fully equal to that usually obtained by young ladies of her age, at even good boarding schools.

It is a melancholy task to speak of beauty whose light is extinguished—to describe charms which, like withered roses, are blighted forever. Still, I must say, that, as Lucina rose to womanhood, she was a charming girl. Even now I seem to see her before me as in girlhood days. She was gentle in manners and faultless in person. In stature neither tall nor diminutive, she was just of that height which displays to the best advantage grace and dignity. Her long, fair hair fell in rich clusters on her shoulders, shading a neck of snowy whiteness. Her fine, large blue eyes were expressive of intelligence and purity, and were surmounted by a forehead of classic form and ivory polish. And if there was a lack of etiquette and studied politeness, such as is acquired in refined and fashionable society, its place was well supplied with a goodness of heart, and an engaging frankness of manner, which won the confidence and esteem of all who knew her. And when seventeen summers had passed over her, she stood in the midst of the circle of her fair associates, the most beautiful, the most envied, and the most admired of them all. Moreover, she was sincerely pious; and this, as a crowning accomplishment, threw a luster and finish on her charms, and an ambrosial sweetness round her person and deportment, without which even the most splendid beauty is like a rose without its fragrance.

Lucina received the attentions of Dr. L. with respect and deference; and they were married in the ensuing spring, and a few weeks after commenced housekeeping in a new but promising village on the banks of Lake Erie. New as was the place, a house of worship had already been erected, and New England enterprise and piety united sustained a Gospel ministry.

For some time Dr. L. attended divine service regularly with his wife; but as the summer advanced, he was less punctual, till at length he was seldom there. Sometimes, however, he had been called out of Church, and charity would naturally suggest, that perhaps his absence from the sanctuary was owing to professional duties; and so it sometimes

was, but not always. This fact his wife knew, and therefore felt afflicted.

Lucina was well aware that Dr. L. was not a professor of religion; but she thought him moral, and hoped to see him become religious. Her piety, though sincere, was, in one respect, defective—it lacked firmness. Ordinary temptation she resisted; but when the voice of affection called her from the path of duty, she knew not how to repel the solicitation. This weakness, it is to be feared, has proved the ruin of many a promising Christian wife. United to a worldly minded husband, in the first hours and days of her wedded love she places him above her Savior; so that when her duty to God and his Church comes in competition with the wishes of her chosen companion, she yields to the latter, grieves the Holy Spirit, and by degrees loses all communion with the Redeemer. She may still make a profession, but it will be powerless on her husband: the salt has lost its savor; and, so far as the salvation of her beloved depends on her example, he is a lost man. When Lucina was invited to leave the sanctuary for a pleasure visit on the holy Sabbath, she should have frankly answered that she could not do it with a good conscience, and begged to be excused. This would have been the path of duty. But as it was, she yielded to her husband's solicitation to sin; and fearfully awful was the result.

Just as the village bell rang for the morning service, Lucina threw a light shawl over her shoulders, and taking the arm of her husband, walked a few rods, to the bank of a river, which was the eastern boundary of the village, and which there mingled its waters with the Lake. Placing his partner in one end of a light canoe, the Doctor seated himself at the other, and pushed out into the stream. The use of the paddle was but amusement to Dr. L.; and propelled by his vigorous arm, they were soon gliding rapidly up the still waters, beneath the shadows of the tangled vines and bending trees which overhung the stream. An hour or less brought them to the place of landing. Fastening the canoe to the roots of an aged sycamore, they walked up the hill, and a few hundred yards brought them to the old mansion of Judge W.

In the afternoon they returned to the canoe; but that evening they were not at their accustomed home. The next morning a hat and shawl were seen floating slowly down the sluggish stream. They were recognized as belonging to Dr. L. and his wife. The alarm was given, and search made. A few rods below the spot where the canoe had been moored it was found upside down, and drifted against some willows which skirted the stream. Soon the unfortunate pair were found, closely locked in each other's arms. The hands of Lucy were firmly clasped round the neck of her husband, while his arms encircled her waist. It was a melancholy spectacle to behold. How the catastrophe occurred none could tell. It was supposed that, as she stepped into the canoe, she lost her

balance, overturning the frail boat. The water was deep, and the Doctor, in his efforts to rescue her, was drawn under; and so both, in an unexpected moment, perished, and their spirits passed together into "the hands of the living God."

It was a sad sight the next day, as two coffins were borne in solemn silence to the church, and placed in front of the pulpit, awaiting the service for the dead. And sad was the circle of weeping friends assembled there to commit to the tomb those whom they had so recently seen at the hymeneal altar, full of hope and promise. Could it be? Ah, yes, it was a sad reality!—their clay-cold forms were before them! Death had placed his signet on their brows; and ere the sun went down the fair, the beautiful, the pious, but erring Lucina, and her beloved husband, were placed, side by side, in one grave.

Fair reader, hast thou a husband, the object of thy trust and love, and he not a Christian? O, then, to him should you be a guardian angel! With a faith that looks trustingly to the strong arm of Omnipotence, expect his salvation. Dream not that by any sinful compliance you can advance either his interest or your own. Amid all the tenderness of unbounded affection, let Christian firmness be exhibited as a bright and glowing gem in the constellation of your graces. If that firmness should sometimes give offense, it will in the end secure respect, and aid you in winning to the Savior one dearest to your heart.

Unfortunate Lucina, had she been as true to her God as she was affectionate to her husband, had she refused to be his company in that fatal visit, the awful catastrophe might have been averted; and thus she have been his guardian angel. As it was, her weakness brought a sudden night on their earthly hopes, and their sun of life went down amid clouds and darkness.

HANDWRITING OF EMINENT PERSONS.

MARTIN LUTHER: The writing was firm and legible, though not very equal nor very straight. Sir Thomas More: Lines crooked, and tumbling down hill. Rubens: Manly, bold, with a careless ease and clearness, denoting mastery of hand. Lord Bacon: Very like an elegant modern shorthand. Clear, neat, and regular. Voltaire: Very regular, clear, steady, and straight; evidently not written rapidly, but with a continuous ease which might go on writing book after book in just the same way. Oliver Cromwell: Large, bold, steady, sharp, and straight. The signature made up of halberds and pointed palisades. Danton: Willful, daring, without method or care. Pope: Very bad, small, full of indecision; a very hedgerow of corrections and erasures. Porson: Correct and steady; the reverse of his personal appearance and habits. Shakespeare: A very bad hand indeed, confused, crowded, crooked in the lines, and scarcely legible. Napoleon: Still more illegible. No letters formed at all.

SOLEMNITY OF LIFE.

—
BY FRÉDÉRIC CARRÉ.
—

WHETHER are cast our destinies
In peaceful ways, or ways of strife,
A solemn thing to us it is,
This mystery of human life.

Solemn, when first, unconscious, dumb,
Within an untried world we stand,
Immortal beings, that have come
Newly from God's creating hand.

And solemn, even as 'tis fleet,
The time, when, learning childish fears,
We cross, with scarcely balanced feet,
The threshold of our mortal years.

'Tis solemn, when, with parting smiles,
We leave its innocence and truth,
To learn how deeper than the child's
Are all the loves and fears of youth.

It is a solemn thing to snap
The cords of human love apart;
More solemn still to feel them wrap
Their wondrous strength about the heart.

'Tis solemn to have ever known
The pleadings of the soul unmoved—
Solemn to feel ourselves alone;
More solemn still to be beloved.

It is a solemn thing to wear
The roses of the bridal wreath—
Solemn the words we utter there,
Of faith unchanging until death.

Solemn is life, when God unlocks
The fountain in the soul most deep—
Solemn the heart-beat when it rocks
A young immortal to its sleep.

'Tis solemn, when the Power above
Darkens our being's living spark—
Solemn to see the friends we love
Going downward from us to the dark.

O, human life, when all thy woes
And all thy trials are struggled through,
What can eternity disclose
More wondrous solemn than we knew!

TO FANCY.

WAVE me where the stars appear,
Where the other worlds career;
Let me scan the dazzling scroll
God's hand only can unroll!
Let me hear the saints rejoice,

Giving praise with harp and voice;
Let me tread the welkin round,
Lulled in soft Elysian sound;
Let me rove the fields of light,
Give their glories to my sight!

A FEW WORDS ABOUT HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

BY MISS ALICE CARRY.

In one or two of the late numbers of the Repository articles have appeared, relating to the interesting subject on which I now propose to write down some few observations and recollections, illustrating various phases of connubial felicity, and suggesting, perhaps, their causes. I am emboldened to do this, not that

"Long experience has made me sage,"

but that contributors are invited to make the subject their theme.

"But for one little circumstance, what honor I might come to!" said one of the "merry wives of Windsor," in view of the love-making of Sir John Falstaff. And so, but for some little circumstance, as fatally in the way, however, as was the husband of that merry dame in the way of a marriage with Sir John, what happiness thousands joined for better or for worse, might come to! But I do not propose to write an essay, or to generalize on the marital relation, which would be "a sea of glory far beyond my depth;" I do not even design to draw any comparison between the pleasure of

"Maiden meditation, fancy free,"

and the less isolate, musing,

"With one to whisper, sweet is solitude."

No, no, I will keep my conclusions on the "sage and serious doctrine" in mental reservation. In this "paper" I only propose to write "what I saw on a canal-boat." Perhaps my readers may be dissuaded by this diminutive title from any farther reading; but how should they know what might be seen there?—I didn't know till *I traveled*, as a very wise young lady once replied to one of our eminent Cincinnatians. He was speaking of the superiority of the Queen City markets; and she, being a native of New Orleans, contended for the greater excellence of the Crescent, till, losing patience, for that the Cincinnati had the better of the argument, she abruptly checked the conversation by remarking, with the most dignified emphasis, "Mr. Blank, *I have traveled!*"

But this by the way. Let me return to the scene of the particular observations I now intend to note down. In the autumn of 1850 I found myself, an invalid, bound homeward to Ohio, from a summer excursion among the wonders of nature and art east of the mountains, impatient of delay, querulous and uncomfortable as an invalid need be. I remember especially well the incidents of the journey from Philadelphia to Pittsburg; for in my unhealthful state of mind and body, they told upon me with a rasping effect. I must pass over my leave-takings in Boston and New York; they were not many nor heart-rending; for it was never my good fortune to make many friends, even with the opportunity in my favor; but at this time I had tarried at the different points briefly and in seclusion, being for the most part a wanderer in a strange

land; and after a few natural tears I left behind the old State-House, the "cradle of liberty," and the cleanly and quiet courts trodden by the shades of the Adamases, the Oatases, and the Hancocks, the Sound with its blue, ruffled waters and highly cultivated borders, and sat watching, from the deck of one of the splendid packets which ply between New York and Philadelphia, the lessening of the spire of Trinity against the sky till it quite faded out, and the separate and towering piles which decorate the metropolis of the east were lost in the black and dense mass and under the obscuring atmosphere, till finally "the smoke and stir of this dim spot which men call" New York was divided from me by the green hills of New Jersey; and the ripe orchard slopes and clear, sparkling waters that lay before me like chrims of healing, made me calm, and I said, in view of the farewells spoken and the kind ones left,

"Well, if we meet again, why, we shall smile."

In Philadelphia our little party halted only for a day. It was the Sabbath; and not being privileged to attend Church, and meeting the light of no friendly hearth, and having been unfortunate in the selection of a hotel, my recollections are associated with stewed frogs and rancid bacon. I know this is unjust; but, notwithstanding the many good reports of the "City of Brotherly Love," I find it hard to divest myself of prejudice. Then I have another charge against the city. It was owing to the counsel of some scape-grace we met here, that we took a *new and most eligible* route thence to Pittsburg.

Having been got over the mountains by a mysterious process of ropes and pulleys, which would baffle my poor powers of description, and in cars rendered obnoxious, I might say noxious, by the determination of the majority to keep the windows fast shut, in a short time the atmosphere became "impierceable by power of any star," for a drizzling rain was falling, and half the gentlemen persisted in standing on the platform till sufficiently drenched to emit a cloud of steam on their return to their seats. In our immediate vicinity we had two poor shivering wretches, blue as the rocky walls that hemmed in the rail track, and shaking worse than did Cæsar when he came from the drowning waters, "crying, like a sick girl," for help. Once, almost stifling, I did with daring hardness put down the window; for at one of the stations where whisky and gingercake are procurable, two mountain maids had come aboard, one bearing in her arms a dirty lapdog, on which she wasted a world of fondness, and the other a basket redolent of bread, butter, and onions. Under this new infiction I did put down the window, and for a moment, braving the frowns of the ladies and the popular dislike, snuffed the fresh air; but when one of these ague victims, "like a lean goose, upturned his slanting eye," my heart misgave me, and I drew it up again; and closing my eyes against the awful realities of the time and place, I folded my arms,

and thought of the torturing wheels and the martyr fires of old. I believe that it was the most heroic act I ever did.

At one of the small fish and molasses towns in eastern Pennsylvania, we left the cars, elated with the prospect of bettering our condition, and took passage on the new and fast-running packet, "Neptune," bound for Pittsburg. What a rushing and tumbling there was of the multitudinous and multifarious herd! for others were as weary of the mountain passes as we, and in as great haste to register names and secure seats at the supper-table, and berths for the night, as we; so that we were no sooner fairly aboard, than we discovered, that, though we were not precisely in the Black Hole of Calcutta, we were in most uncomfortable plight.

But there are few situations which admit of no alleviation. Through the prison-gate of the old astronomer came the loving and tender beams of the stars; the dull walls of the dungeon of Tasso were radiant with visionary smiles; and out of the ruins of a broken heart poets have built their most glorious rhymes; and, to make a terrible descent, in the crowded and ill-ventilated cabin of a Pennsylvania canal-boat, a homesick and impatient invalid once found solace for her sufferings. Night was closing in, and it may be that now and then a dimpled wave had caught a star in its embrace—I am not sure as to the precise time, only that twilight gray had in her sober livery all things clad, when the three sober and jaded horses, not exactly "like steeds that knew their riders," drew out the great coil of rope to a straight line, and our "Neptune," with all her glory on, "walked the waters like a thing of life."

We were no sooner under way than preparations began for supper; and all having had a wearisome day's journey, with no regular meal, great eagerness for the completion of arrangements was felt; and when the two head men sat down, the two great dishes at either end of the table—beefsteak and sausages—"just at the self-same beat of Time's wide wings," even common civility was quite lost sight of; and the rattling of the two-tined forks and broad-bladed knives was any thing but agreeable music to the many, who, like Macbeth at the banquet, had been pushed from their stools.

Among the most unscrupulous in securing seats at the table, and the most noisy and exacting in their demands upon the servants, was a party of six—two gentlemen and their wives, an Irish maid, and child of about two years; and I still think, as I thought then, it was the most depraved specimen of humanity it was ever my misfortune to meet. We afterward learned that they belonged to the F. F. V.'s.

The Irish maid I have mentioned as having charge of the child, which she habitually called "love" and "darling," and which belonged to the elder of the married pairs, was a garrulous sort of person, and during our tedious voyage communicated to us the interesting particulars, illustra-

tive of the little scenes I am about to relate. Our own "maid" and children—for we had children belonging to our party—afforded felicitous media for these confidences.

The parents of the "darling," whom I shall call Mr. and Mrs. Troubled, were residents of one of the old Virginia towns on the Ohio shore, and had been united in the bonds of matrimony for some three or four years—long enough for the bringing out of the sharp angles of character when the sober certainty of possession makes the effort to soften or conceal superfluous; at least such seems the unfortunate and false conclusion of too many.

Mrs. Troubled was a thin, pale, wiry woman, whose sharply cut features, closely compressed lips, and cold, decisive tone might have been sad premonitors of that perfect blending of soul with soul, which the long journey through time and eternity requires; but she was an heiress—and

"Constancy lives in realms above,
And youth is fickle and hope is vain;"

and the time was evidently past when each was to the other the be-all and the end-all.

They had been passing the summer at the fashionable resorts—Saratoga, Newport, and the like—and were just returning home—the lady in ill health, to which I hope may be attributed some of her shrewish tyranny. Her husband, a meek, quiet-looking, blue-eyed man, she seemed to think responsible for all her trials and sufferings, and he, poor soul, seemed to think so too. By some mishap, as she seated herself at the tea-table, her hair fell down, not in the rippled flood which poets speak of, but in a rough twist that uncoiled itself down her shoulders ungracefully, to say the least. She seemed not to heed it, however, and her husband, bending toward her, ventured what was probably a reminder, from the *daggery* look, and the reply that he had better attend to his own affairs. But though she seemed perfectly at ease, his distress visibly increased, and once more leaning toward her, he essayed to twine up himself the mysterious knot; but his unpracticed hand was baffled, and his lady continued to partake of the tea and toast without alleviating his discomposure, or noticing him in any way, till at length he gave up in despair.

I think Beatrice could have felt no worse when she exclaimed, in the close of the tragedy of the "Cenci,"

"Here, mother, tie
My girdle for me, and bind up this hair
In any simple knot. How often
Have we done this for one another;
Now we shall never do it any more."

Presently "darling," in the lap of her nurse, close at hand, made some unruly demonstrations, and the father attempted to administer a little, low-voiced reproof; but this "harmless, necessary act" drew down upon him the admonition that if he would attend to the wants of his poor wife he would find enough to do—a conclusion to which almost any one would have arrived after hearing a

few of her demands. Notwithstanding her protest, the blue-eyed man seemed half determined to "rebel and throw off the yoke;" but, on a second attempt to exercise paternal authority, she peremptorily ordered the child to be brought to her, and, clasping it to her bosom as though to protect it from the meditated violence of a brutal father, she suffered it to paddle in her tea-cup as it would, to the detriment of the table-cloth and the neighboring dishes. During the remainder of the journey I saw not the slightest indication on the part of the husband to dissent from the sovereign will.

We crept along at what seemed a snail's pace, though the horses were most of the time kept on the trot; but the heat was intense, and the crowded state of the cabin rendered our situation so uncomfortable, that any *reasonable* sort of impatience or ill-humor would have been excusable. I shall never think there is any thing to redeem Pennsylvania—certainly not till I see some better portion of it; for as it is, I have only memories of miserable huts, with salt wells adjoining; hills awfully steep and stony, down which the coal is slid from the pits, about which you sometimes see the miners, looking starved and black. Then the houses of the Dutch farmers, such as I saw, are miserable tenements, through which the winds of winter might blow as they would, though the great stone barns indicated threshing-floors sufficiently ample for the procuring of better homes. Now and then we passed a village, consisting of a few blackened and dilapidated dwellings, a long, low tavern, and a doctor's office. I wonder how they lived!

On passing these villages, Mr. Troubled invariably jumped ashore to consult the doctor or buy something for his wife. Now he bought her some candy, now some lozenges, now peppermint-drops, and now something else. But all would not calm the turbulence. Constantly he hovered about her, saying, "My dear, do you feel better?" and "My dear, can I do any thing?" To all of which she made brief, cold, negative replies; but the unhappy man continued his attentions, as his judgment or instincts dictated.

The husband's efforts to please her were never rewarded with a smile—never even recognized at all; but her supercilious and exacting demeanor seemed to say, "You are my man, and wear my livery—do thus and so." For how many shekels of silver he had taken this woman to wife I did not learn; but no matter how great the amount, he had better have taken coals of fire in his bosom. These conjugal exhibitions I said amused me; so they did at first; but at length they became painful. I could not bear to see manhood so degraded, and womanhood so degraded, too.

When will men and women learn that false and forced relations are a hell! When will husbands and wives learn to exercise mutual patience and forbearance, and with the same sweet amenities that won love first strive to retain it! Home should be a little heaven, and woman its presiding angel.

There is no poet's dream that may not be realized, where heart beats back to heart, and soul responds to soul, as star shineth unto star.

GOOD HEALTH.

BY A MAN OF EXPERIENCE.

Let patent medicines alone. All the sarsaparillas, cherry pectorals, and lung balsams in the world, if swallowed three times a day, will do you no more good than three teaspoonfuls of rain-water. They will beget instead of curing disease. You will not believe this perhaps. That old teacher, Experience, will have to take you in charge then.

Take exercise. Get outdoors, and try your bodily strength. By all means spend two hours each day in some active manual labor. With less than this you can not get along so as to have an elastic step, pure blood, a rosy cheek, a good appetite, and fresh, glowing spirits.

Be temperate. Not as to drink exactly, but in every thing you eat. "Live on a sixpence a day, and earn it," said Dr. Abernethy. Good advice, and it ought to be followed. If you eat a great deal and sit a great deal, you will suffer a great deal. Much food and much exercise must go together, as just hinted at above. But even with exercise, if you do not regulate the quantity you eat, you will suffer by your imprudence. The doctors say—and they ought to know—that the proper quantity of food for a person who is sedentary in his habits, or, rather, who does not labor in the open air, is from one to two pounds only; and they add, as a caution also, that this pound or two should be principally lean meat, such as beef, fowls, or mutton, with good bread, vegetables, and fruits. Never eat hot bread or biscuits. They are not much better than sawdust, so far as nutriment is concerned, whatever pleasure there may be in the act of eating them.

Expand your chest. Don't be always leaning forward over a desk or over your work. Sit up straight, and once in awhile take a pace across the room, throwing both your arms simultaneously backward, sucking in as much air as possible, and holding your breath as long as you can.

Bathe frequently. Never mind the cold in winter. It is just as important then as in summer. Unless you do bathe regularly, you will be constantly liable to colds, coughs, bronchitis, and consumption. A basin with a quart of cold water in it and a common crash towel will be all necessary appurtenances. A little fine salt, rubbed over your skin while washing, will help wonderfully in getting up a fine, healthy ruddiness.

Avoid stimulants. Give up your feather beds, and try corn husks and mattresses. Let the tea and coffee alone, and use cold water. You will be well paid by the course.

The Ladies' Repository.

MAY, 1852.

THE DESERTED HOMESTEAD.

BY JAMES FUMMILL.

To me, fond as I am of wild scenery, there is something peculiarly enchanting in a ramble through a big forest. An inspiring love springs up in the heart when I view those free creatures that abide there. When I hear the birds sing, I am carried one step farther out of the world, and placed one step nearer that glowing land where dwell the pure in heart. Each breath of air in this silent place is laden with rosy freshness. No feverish turmoil jars the serenity of the spirit. All is holy and hallowing.

Thus did I meditate the other day, when shaking the city dust from my feet, I entered one of those noble forests which are so prevalent in the west. A red-bird, perched upon a young sapling, greeted me with a welcome-song as I entered the wood. I raised my eyes to the delighted bird, blessed him for his unselfish hospitality, and passed on, to hear other red-birds, where the roses were thicker, and the choking dust came not. As I passed along, in an open space I encountered a large building, which was in a dilapidated condition. It was surrounded by a fruitless orchard, under the trees of which rank weeds were growing. The crows, and other birds of similar character, had built their nests in the vicinity. A solitary ground-squirrel started from the doorway at my approach, and hurried out of sight. I entered the house. The rafters were rotting away rapidly, and here and there the wall had tumbled down. The industrious spider had built his gossamer prison-house in every nook and corner. The conservative bat and the owl held possession of the rickety chimney. On the hearth-stone sat a solitary house-toad, who seemed to stare at me, as I entered, with his immovable eyes, and ask, "Well, sir, your will?" like a host disturbed in solemn reveries. The centipede crawled over the moth-eaten floor, deeming itself now "lord of the manor house." Strange, unearthly silence dwelt throughout the place, disturbed not, save by the quiet wind, which sighed through the broken doorway and among the crannies, as if in sad memory of the happy faces that used to gladden the house in times past. I sat myself upon the window-sill, and fell into a state of reflection.

How long ago was it when this silent homestead was inhabited? Fifteen years. How long a time that seems! Fifteen years ago I sat before that very hearth-stone, one winter night, and listened to the cheering voice of little Fanny. Where is she now? Out in the woods, dark and beautiful, where the sun comes only in fleckered bars, is a little tomb, now green and fragrant. Little Fanny's body is there. Earth never took unto her bosom a lovelier sight than the clay-cold form of the gentle child.

Fifteen years ago, or more, in summer-time, before the doorway there, where you see those ugly, yellow weeds, was a little green plat, over which Henry and I used to engage in childish sports. Where is Henry now? How many graves are scattered, here and there, on the route to California! Go, search for the

desolate, tearless graves of the poor adventurers. You will find Henry's among the number. Pleasant was his eye when I shook the parting hand with him—pleasant with hopefulness. Warm was his heart, and filled with sunny thoughts of future prosperity. As he waved his hand toward me from the departing boat, a tear stood in his eye and mine. Alas! even then a gloomy prescience of his death fell like a storm-cloud upon my spirit. But it was too late to press him to yield up his schemes. The boat was on its way; and the playmate of my youth was gone forever. One month fled, and I heard of his death. The announcement came to me like a shock; for we may not bear the loss of our old associates unmoved. As I looked upon the spot in front of the doorway there, I see his laughing face peeping up through the long grass, like a pleasant memory, and the tear stands on my cheek. I feel, I know that I shall see that face again, not in dreams only, but in the beautiful reality, when time and I have parted.

Fifteen years ago, or more, uncle John sat by the winter fire, in yon corner—how snug and comfortable it was then!—and croned some old air or legend in his strange way, or smoked his pipe meditatively. A curious fellow was uncle John, yet a good man withal. The lads and lasses revered his white, thin locks and bald forehead. They would not have insulted them for the world. And uncle John was full of wisdom, with all his queer ways, and used to tell us children such pleasant stories, in the long winter evenings—stories full of nice instruction, that were worth a whole housefull of fairy tales and such nonsense. Ah! a pleasant place was the hearth-stone there, on which the toad sits, when uncle John gathered the children around him, and poured his kind eloquence into their ears. And where is uncle John now? Ho, too, is in the silent grave. Even Death had a veneration for his white, thin locks and bald forehead; for he led uncle John into the "shadow and the gloom" so gently that I hardly think the good man knew he was going himself. He was sitting in his arm-chair in the snug corner one night, looking pleasantly into the fire, as if thinking of the holy years that had gladdened his life, when the children, as usual, gathered around him, and asked the kind man for a story.

"Do, uncle John, give us one of your nice stories."

But uncle John still looked calmly and pleasantly into the fire, without replying. We wondered what could be the matter; for uncle John never hesitated a moment in replying when spoken to. A deep grief crept over our hearts when we found out that the dear man was dead. And yet his death was so gentle that our grief was partially destroyed. Will you believe it? he had just filled his favorite pipe, and was about to light it when he was called away. So sudden was his death!

Many of those whose voices once cheered this falling building are still alive. But they have married, and gone far from here. I alone remain a witness of its wretchedness and solitude—I alone of all that once smiled beneath its hospitable roof. And, beholding its desolateness, and remembering what change hath taken place in those sad fifteen years, I can but imitate the quiet breeze that comes through its broken doorway, and sigh. But why should I

sight! Yet a few years will pass, and my clay tenement, with all its soul and vigor gone, will decay like the building in which I sit. In a few years at most, no rafter, nor beam, nor stone will stand in this solemn place to tell the woodland wanderer that such a building ever existed, and I, with all the mortal things that surround me, will have forever passed from the thoughts of man.

THE LONDON COSTERMONGERS.

MR. HENRY MAYHEW, in his work on "London Labor and the London Poor," has brought into prominent view the details of the daily life of the prowlers of the London streets. He has pushed his inquiry to an extreme, and given us a series of portraits, in daggerreotype, of the poorest classes of laborers in this vast city. It is written in a kindly and humane spirit, and with a benevolent purpose.

It will be confessed that the classes depicted by Mr. Mayhew are the most difficult to deal with of all. They are a kind of vagabond or nomadic class—metropolitan gipsies—London "Fingoes"—city squatters—living upon the crumbs which they can pick up from the tables of the settled population at large. They include all kinds of beggars, bone-grubbers, mud-larks, patterers, costermongers, fruit and fish-sellers, dog-sellers, hawkers of all kinds, street artists and showmen, acrobats—in short, the entire loose and wandering population of this great city. There is one class, and that a considerable one, that lives by "finding"—picking up a living in the public thoroughfares, by gathering up bits of coal, ends of half-smoked cigars, bones, rags, and such like, which they manage to dispose of for money. But the most important and respectable class of wanderers described by Mr. Mayhew is the costermonger class; these include fish-sellers, retailers of vegetables, oranges, ginger beer, fruit, and such like articles—they are the hucksters and greengrocers of the streets, supplying a large portion of the working population of London with food and little comforts, which they deal out from stands, hand-barrows, and donkey-carts. Their number is very great, being not less, according to Mr. Mayhew, than thirty thousand, men, women, and children; and a large majority of them are unable to read and write. The Irish costers form a considerable proportion of the number; this population invariably assuming a place among the very lowest strata of society in all our large towns. Add to these the patterers, or sellers of street literature, who consider themselves the "aristocracy of the street-sellers," the street musicians, the sellers of water-cresses, the keepers of coffee-stalls, the cats'-meat retailers, ballad-singers, play-bill sellers, bone-grubbers, and mud-larks; crossing-sweepers, street-performers, and showmen; tinkers, chair, umbrella, and clock-menders; sellers of bonnet-boxes, toys, statuary, songs, last-dying-speeches, tubs, pails, mats, crockery, blacking, lucifers, corn-salves, clothes-pegs, brooms, sweetmeats, razors, dog-collars, dogs, birds, coals, and sand; scavengers, dustmen, and others; and it appears that not fewer than fifty thousand individuals, or a fortieth part of the population, find their living in such ways in the streets of London.

Costermongering is a trade which many take up with when all other trades fail. Among the pat-

terers are those who have been clergymen. And the orange and herring-sellers include many who have, at one time in their life, been mechanics or laborers. For the most part, however, they are a distinct people—almost as much so as the gipsies are. Costers' children grow up costers—they acquire the slang, the wandering habits, and the vocation of their parents; and rarely in after life settle down to any fixed vocation. Many of them make small gains. "Bless you," said one, "we don't find a living at all, it's only another way of *starving*." Some of them, however, in the higher grades of fish and vegetable selling, make fair earnings, but they seem to spend them as readily as they make them. The costers are great card-players—all fours, cribbage, all-fives, and put, being their favorite games. The play is usually for beer, and is made exciting by bets which are freely laid. Those who can not read are yet quick at the calculations of cribbage. A large number of the costers are "sporting characters;" fond of dog-fighting, rat-killing, horse-racing, and pugilism. The children take after the parents in their love of amusement, frequenting penny gaffs, two-penny hops, and penny theaters. At the "hops," from thirty to one hundred young people of both sexes assemble, from the age of fourteen and upward, and there engage in vigorous dancing, varied with a good deal of drinking. The youths are also taught early to fight, and to "work their fists." If a quarrel takes place between two coster boys, the old ones form a ring and urge them to "fight it out." Nearly all the young costers are desperate gamblers, the attempts made to check the practice by the police giving a gloss of daring courage to the sport, which seems to make it doubly attractive. Pie-boys will toss each other for their stock; ill-luck only makes them more reckless, and they will proceed to gambling away their coat, neck-tie, and even their cord trowsers, before they will give up.

The domestic *morale* of costers is low. Only one-tenth—at the outside, one-tenth—of the couples living together, and carrying on the costermongering trade, are married. Costers consider it a mere waste of time and money to go through the ceremony of wedlock, when a pair can live together, and be quite as well regarded by their fellows, without it. Among costers, no honor attaches to the married state, and no shame to concubinage. Unmarried women in this state have as good a standing in their society as married women have. Pairs live together while the liking continues, and then do not hesitate to form other similar connections. Matches are usually made up in the dancing-rooms, and are sometimes struck up on the first night of meeting: the coster boy is fourteen, and the coster girl perhaps no older. They then begin costering on their own account. Nearly all such alliances are formed under twenty. The religion of costers is no better. Not three in every hundred have ever been in the interior of a church, and a great majority of them know of sacred names only as words to swear by. They have no notion of a future state. They hate tracts. Indeed they can not read them; and even if they could, they would not, for the tract-distributors never give them any thing except tracts, and are looked upon as interlopers. The Irish costers are generally Catholics, and

are visited by their priests; but no priest of any kind looks after the costers who are not Irish. Ignorant as the costers are of religion, they are not much more so than the bulk of the poor population of all English towns, especially in the manufacturing districts. Good, religious, well-educated persons in the country have positively no idea of the practical heathenism in which the people there are allowed to grow up. Sometimes a startling fact is brought suddenly to light, such as the following: An inquiry was instituted in the Sheffield Workhouse the other day, from which it was ascertained, that out of 1,905 inmates, 1,407 were of no religious persuasion, and thirteen avowed themselves to be of none. In this country, we bestow our sympathy and Christian action mainly upon the blacks of Caffraria, and the remote olive population of the islands in the Pacific Ocean.

Very few of the costermongers' children are sent even to the Ragged Schools. The only education they receive is what the streets afford; and there they acquire a kind of precocious acuteness in all that concerns their immediate wants, business, or gratifications; a strong desire to obtain money without working for it; a craving for the excitement of gambling; an inordinate love of amusement; and an irrepressible repugnance to any settled indoor industry. Instinct with the elements of manhood and beasthood, the latter are those which are almost solely developed, while the qualities of the man rarely struggle into being. The moral atmosphere in which the coster grows is frightfully destructive of the principles of goodness, virtue, and intelligence.

And yet there is a rude honesty among the costers. They never steal from each other. Their property, such as it is, is always exposed; and they do not hesitate to leave their stall in charge of a neighbor who is a competitor in the same line of business, without the slightest fear or suspicion. Their barrows lie about exposed all night, unwatched, but safe. Even their stables, where they keep their donkeys and oysters, are usually unguarded by either lock or latch; but the coster sleeps securely and sound. He is kind to his donkey, and resents the ill treatment of an animal of this class almost as a personal affront. The coster shares his dinner with his donkey, giving it a portion of his bread. He even believes in the donkey's intelligence. "It's all nonsense to call donkeys stupid," said one, "them's stupid that calls them so: they're sensible. Not long since, I worked Guilford with my donkey-cart and a boy. Jack—the donkey—was slow and heavy in coming back, till we came in sight of the lights at Vauxhall Gate, and then he trotted on like one o'clock—he did, indeed! just as if he smelt it was London, besides seeing it, and knew he was at home."

One of the remarkable features of the costermonger's trade, is the usurious rate of interest which they are habitually in the practice of paying for the use of their carts and hand-barrows. Three-fourths of the entire number hire these articles from persons who let them out; and on every £100, or \$500, of value in hand-barrows thus advanced by the owners, they derive an annual interest of not less than twenty per cent. *per week*, or £1,040, or \$5,000, in the year! This is, perhaps, the most usurious rate of interest

known. The costers will not save money, by which they could purchase barrows of their own—though the cost of each barrow is not more than £2, or \$10, when new—but they pay to the lender from twenty-five to thirty-five cents a week for its use. These lenders, of course, make immense profits, one man deriving not less than £360, or near \$1,800, a year from the hire of one hundred and twenty barrows! Many of the men who adopt this trade on a large scale become rich in the course of a few years, and are living without labor, while the poor costers are trundling about their barrows, and paying them the frightful interest of above a thousand per cent! Costers are also most improvident in borrowing. They will not hesitate to give 5s. for the use of 2s. 6d. for a day—the day being usually Saturday, the advance being repaid at night. But losses must often be sustained by the lenders in such cases. Mr. Mayhew, however, observes, that "those who are unacquainted with the character of the people may feel inclined to doubt the trustworthiness of the class; but it is an extraordinary fact, that but few of the costermongers fail to repay the money advanced to them, even at the present ruinous rate of interest. The poor, it is my belief, have not yet been sufficiently tried in this respect; pawnbrokers, loan-offices, tally-shops, dolly-shops, are the only parties who will trust them; but as a startling proof of the good faith of the humbler classes generally, it may be stated that Mrs. Chisholm—the lady who has exerted herself so benevolently in the cause of emigration—has lent out, at different times, as much as £160,000, or \$800,000, that has been intrusted to her for the use of the 'lower orders,' and that the whole of this large amount has been returned—with the exception of £12, or about \$60!"

MISTER "I DON'T CARE."

BY S. SMILES.

DON'T CARE is a great power in the world. We do not know but what he could command a considerable majority of suffrages, were the nations at large to be polled. Your busy-bodies, who care for every thing and every body—who are constantly "tidying-up"—who would have this man's child sent to school, and that man's sent to trade—who pry into cellardwellings and foul gully-holes, and call out for laws to enforce cleanliness—who calculate wages and the prices of food, and consider how it is that poor men live—these always form the small minority in every community; it is only their persistent activity, their undeviating pertinacity, which gives them importance; and they are at last enabled to carry their measures into effect, mainly because Don't Care has grown tired of their bother, and allows them to have their own way in order to be rid of their importunity.

Don't Care may grumble now and then, but he will not bestir himself. "Things have always been so," "What can't be cured must be endured," and "It will be all the same a hundred years hence." Such are the maxims of Don't Care. You can scarcely rouse him by the cry of "Fire!" "What's that to me?" *My house is safe!* is his answer. "The day's breaking," said Boots, rousing a sleeping merchant at an inn, betimes in the morning. "Let it break," quoth he, lurching round in his bed; "it owes me nothing!"

Don't Care is never more annoyed than by discussions got up about the poverty, or ignorance, or suffering, endured by others. "What have I to do with that?" he says. "Let them work; why should I keep them? Their children not taught? That's no business of mine! Suffering, are they? Well, what would you have? There will always be suffering in the world. Let them help themselves—that's their look-out. What is it to me?" "But you will have the heavier poor rates to pay, more crime to punish, more distress to witness." "I don't care!" It is a short answer. True, Don't Care may not always speak so plainly as this—it would look heartless, and he does not care to be obnoxious to this imputation. But this is the drift, the English, the short and the long, of his indifference.

Don't Care is indifferent alike to small things and great, from his horse's shoe-nail to a national bankruptcy—provided, that is to say, his meat and drink are not affected. He will not stir his little finger—not he—to lighten any man's load, to relieve any body's cares. They are nothing to him. Has he not his "own concerns to look after?" and are they not "enough for him?" He is very philosophic in his indifference about every body.

Don't Care is generally so much engrossed by considerations about himself, that he will give no heed to the feelings or the wants of others; sometimes even the wants of his own family, and provision for them in after life, are entirely neglected. Don't Care could scarcely be roused by a voice from the dead. The sloth is an energetic animal compared with him. "We remember," says the author of *Poor Scotch Old Maids*, "an anecdote of a clergyman who dwelt, some thirty years ago, in a quiet rural district, where laziness was then apt to grow upon a man, which exemplifies that *canna-be-fashed* spirit that intralls many, even in these stirring times. His excellent spouse remarked to him at breakfast, 'Minister, there's a bit of butter on your neckcloth.' 'Weel, weel, Janet, my dear,' slowly responded the worthy pastor, 'when I get up it'll fa' off.'"

But Don't Care is not always let off so easily as one would imagine. The man who does not care for others, who does not sympathize with and help them, is very often pursued even in this life with a just retribution. He does not care for the foul, pestilential air breathed by the inhabitants a few streets off; but the fever which has been bred there at length comes into his own household, and snatches away those whom he loves the dearest. He does not care for the criminality, ignorance, and poverty nursed there; but the burglar and the thief find him out in his seclusion. He does not care for pauperism; but the heavy poor's rates compel him to pay for it half yearly. He does not care for politics—pooh! pooh! what has he to do for them? but lo! there is an income tax, or an assessed tax, or a war tax, and then he finds Don't Care is not such a cheap policy after all.

Don't Care was the man who was to blame for the well-known catastrophe, thus popularly related: "For want of a nail the shoe was lost, for want of a shoe the horse was lost, and for a want of a horse the man was lost."

Gallio was a Don't Care, of whom the Scriptures say, "He cared for none of these things." And of Don't Cares, like Gallio, it may be added in the words of the well-known maxim, that "they come to a bad end."

FOR ANOTHER PENTECOST.

BY BENJAMIN GOUGH.

"And it will come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh."—Acts II, 17.

QUICKEN, Lord, thy Church and me;

Send the promised Spirit down;

Holy One! eternal Three!

All thy former mercies crown:

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

Send another Pentecost!

Let the living fire descend,

"Cloven tongues" on every head—

Tongues which all may comprehend;

Speak Thy life into the dead!

Suddenly the power of grace

Send from heaven, and fill the place.

Send the "rushing mighty wind,"

Give the utterance Divine;

Let us know the Spirit's mind,

Let us speak in words of thine:

Send a pure baptismal shower,

Tongues of fire, and words of power.

As of old, so be it now,

Now the glorious scene repeat;

See Thy humbled people bow,

Waiting lowly at thy feet;

Crying all with one accord,

"Send the promised Spirit, Lord!"

First on the believing few,

Then in widening power unfurl'd,

Gathering as the deluge grew,

Pour thy Spirit on the world!

Bright in panoply divine,

Bid thy Church "arise and shine."

Jesus! glorious Victor! come!

Thou "whose right it is to reign,"

Call thine ancient people home,

Paradise restore again!

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

Send another Pentecost!

THE LAKE SCENERY OF IRELAND.

DESCRIBE the Lakes of Killarney! If the painter fails in conveying the highest beauties of a scene, how much less successful must the mere describer of it in words be! What can he convey of the colors of a landscape—colors, which are described by Leigh Hunt as "the smiles of Nature?" He can speak of the green grass, and the bright skies, and the deep shadows of the woods, and the foliage dipping into the crystal lake and reflected in it, and of the thousand exquisite delights which he has *felt*, but vainly attempts to find words to convey to others. So I shall not attempt to describe the scenery of Killarney. Any writer must fail in conveying an idea of its beauties, which to be felt and appreciated must be seen.

The Killarney Lake district is of no great extent. It lies among a group of hills, the highest in Kerry, or in Ireland—the lakes lying in a crescent form around the hills called Macgillicuddy's Reeks, and consisting of a long and beautiful sheet of water, studded with islands, called the Upper Lake; a second, broader and smaller, called Middle or Ture

Lake; and a third—also containing numerous large islands—by far the most extensive sheet of water in the district, called the Lower Lake. Of the three, the Upper Lake is by much the most beautiful, being embosomed in lofty mountains, whereas the greater part of the Lower Lake is surrounded by a level and low-lying country, rich and well wooded, but wanting in those grander features which distinguish the southern or upper portions of the scenery.

There is one usual mode of seeing the most beautiful portions of the scenery, which is—to take a car, and drive round by the back of the hills, up the deep pass called the Gap of Dunloe—between Macgillicuddy's Reeks and the Toomies—then, walking or riding round the edge of Glenna Mountain, overlooking the Coombh Dhuv or Black Valley, you come upon the head of the Upper Lake, where you have previously engaged a boat to meet you, and from thence you are rowed down the lakes, through the finest parts of the scenery.

This Pass, or Gap of Dunloe, is about three miles in length, and seems to have been formed by some grand convulsion of nature having rent asunder the mountains at this point, and left them standing up there on either side, bold, rugged, and inaccessible. In some places they overhang the footpath in stupendous masses, and the huge blocks lying in the bottom of the narrow valley show that from time to time they have thundered down with a terrible crash. A tiny stream flows along the bottom of the rift, which is crossed at two points by rude stone bridges. Near to one of these, the water, blocked up by some fallen rock, has accumulated into a little lake, and furnished a beautiful subject for the landscape painter, with its grand background of rocks and mountains, and the dark defile which winds between them.

Though no houses nor huts are to be seen in this lonely defile, there are here and there a few small patches of cultivated land, where the valley will admit of them, indicating the determination of the Irish peasant to encounter difficulty and sterility in the desperate effort to make a living of some kind. Goats skip along among the rocks, and you are from time to time offered their milk, which is called "mountain dew." There is no want of beggars either, several of whom joined us, and trudged patiently along by our side for five miles, cheek by jowl, very familiar, and quite communicative. We saw a pair of lovers going through the Pass with a company of these attendants close along side of them. Just think of the devoted youth whispering into the ear of his fair one, amid these lonely wilds, "Do you love me?" and half a dozen beggars ready to answer on the instant, "I do, sur, and long life to your honor's glory!" The romantic in such a case becomes rather ludicrous. The attendants, besides "mountain dew," are ready to sell you "Irish diamonds" of the first water, and you may buy one any day, as big as the Koh-i-noor, for considerably less than a shilling.

One of the young women, a retailer of "mountain dew," my uncle had the curiosity to question about her state. "Are you married, my good woman?" "I am, sur." "Any family?" "I have five, your honor." "Why, it's impossible! You can be little more than twenty." "I'm twenty-three; but I was married at fifteen, your honor." Here my uncle phi-

losophized a little about early marriages, and their tendency to degenerate a race; but I shall not detail his arguments. It is a popular custom in Ireland to marry early, not because the young pair can maintain a family, but because they fall in love with each other, and desire to marry. And whatever may be said of the prudence of the step, this at least may be averred, that the Irish peasantry who indulge in this practice of early marriage, are really among the most virtuous in the world. There can be no doubt about it.

We had sundry buglings in the Pass, and firing of guns, to awaken the echoes, which were certainly very fine, rolling away up the rocks, and dying in the distance:

O hark! O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O! sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!

Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying—
Blow, bugle! answer, echoes! dying, dying, dying!

The prolonged echoes of the bugle gave the idea of an organ played in a lofty vaulted cathedral; and certainly those who miss the bugle performance—though it may seem a little theatrical—lose a great treat.

We at length reached the head of the Upper Lake; were rowed down by four stout rowers through that lovely scenery; lunched at Ronyn's Island, where a monarch was crowned; skimmed past many wooded islands, and through sundry rocky channels between the several lakes; wakened up the echoes of the Eagle's Rock with bugle and cannon, startling the eagles from their eyrie; landed at "O'Donoghue's Bed," at Ross's Island, and Innisfallen—Island gems of great beauty—and saw the sun set in the west, amid a blaze of splendor.

The great nuisance at Killarney—and it is a formidable one—is the beggars. They are in the streets, in the passes, among the hills, along the lakes, and even in the most retired places; they dog your footsteps, for miles together. If you crack a joke, they join in the laugh; but every now and then put in a whine for "a half penny, for the love of God." The carmen, the boatmen, the waiters, the boots, are always asking for "a shilling more, your honor." The landlord puts the waiters and servants down in the bill, and you pay for them. But when you have seated yourself on the car, thinking all is paid, the waiter and the boots present themselves for "something from your honor." You see that the putting of them down in the bill was a landlord's dodge. The hire of your car is included in the coach fare, and you pay it; but the carman entreats for pay all the same. The ragged fellow who sees you mount on the car with your carpet-bag in hand, asks to be paid for looking on. "The porter, your honor," wants a sixpence, or a penny, or something. And then, when you are seated, the ordinary town's beggars surround you in a body—the bleared, the halt, the old, the young, the strong, the dirty—and implore your coppers in the name of all the saints in the calendar. I confess that this nuisance forms a large discount, to be deducted from the pleasures of enjoying the fine scenery of the county Kerry. Were you made of coppers they would all go; there are customers without end there,

bespeaking a state of the people of the land, to be mourned and lamented over.

The road from Killarney to Tarbert is full of misery. Every little village you come to seems made up of wretchedness. Your car is instantly besieged all round by imploring miserables. At Tralee, the coachman, to keep off the rush of them, drove us into the small inn yard, the gate of which was immediately barred, and the cries of the beggars followed us there. At Listowel, they rushed after the car in a body when it had started, some of the able boys running for miles, in the hope of a small coin being cast to them. Yet each of these towns had large poor-houses, which the car-driver told us were full. And Tralee seemed a thriving, busy place, with a considerable small trade in potatoes, apples, and such like, doing in the streets, which were full of people. What the state of the rural population is, as regards their "homes," let the parish priest of Ballybunion, near Listowel, describe, who thus writes in the *Nation* of a few weeks back, in reference to a prize offered by the North Kerry Farming Society, for "the best kept laborer's cottage:"

"To speak to the laborers of North Kerry of decent cottages, is a mockery at which fiends might grin. In no part of Ireland has demolition been more ruthlessly, systematically, and extensively carried on. Neither Farney nor Mayo, Connemara nor Kilrush, could show more monuments of extermination. The face of the country is hideous with ruins, whose gables, black and bare, pointing to the sky, would seem to call heaven to witness the barbarities perpetrated upon their unfortunate occupants. And the few still remaining laborers' habitations could certainly not be dignified with the name of cottage, being for the most part unfit for the lodging of brutes. Some of these are wretched, dreary, and cheerless cabins, with crumbling walls and falling-in roofs, which are overgrown with weeds and moss, and pervious to every shower; others of them, still worse, are loathsome and fetid hovels, constructed of sods, pieces of old roof-rotten thatch, and green rushes, and run up, where permission is given—which is very seldom—against the walls of their former houses, and against ditches and turf-banks—sometimes even within the arches of bridges! And yet, surrounded by such scenes as these, the authors of desolation and misery so wide-spread and appalling, had the astonishing and unequalled hardihood to offer a prize for the 'best kept laborer's cottage!'"

THE TRUE DOMESTIC POET.

IN common with most lovers of elegant thoughts full of affection, gentleness, and that kind of true poetry which touches the human heart, and awakens its sweetest music, we stand deeply indebted to Mr. Alaric A. Watts, an English author, for his many beautiful poems.

In all his pieces there is great purity and elegance combined with deep pathos. They do not astonish us as some poems do; but they make us feel, and love. Mr. Watts does not snatch fire from the empyrean, and dash it among us; his walk is among human dwellings, and his subject the human hearts there. And is not that scope enough for the true singer?

The poet, in his power, may grasp all time and ages, and cast his lightning glance into the past and the future, penetrating the deep abysses of heaven and unraveling the mysteries of God. But somehow, we love him more when he comes in to us in our dwellings, and sits down beside us there, consenting to sing to us of home joys and sorrows, of our lot, and experience, and trials—whispering in our ear words of comfort and of hope—and making our daily life musical by the magic of his song. All this has Alaric Watts done for us, and for this do we take him all the more cordially to our hearts. He has obviously *known* joy and sorrow; he has loved and suffered; he has been blessed and bereaved by turns. What is this but to have experienced the common lot of which he sings?

Were we to venture on giving such a series of extracts from Alaric Watts's poems as should convey an adequate idea of his powers, we would have to quote most of those well-known poems which have already become as familiar as household words. We can not, however, avoid giving two little pieces illustrating the peculiar, domestic character of his poetry. The first is a sonnet on "The Birth of the First-Born:"

"Never did music sink into my soul
So 'silver sweet,' as when thy first sweet wail
On my 'rapt ear in doubtful murmurs stole,
Thou child of love and promise! What a tale
Of hopes and fears, of gladness and of gloom,
Hung on that slender filament of sound!
Life's guileless pleasures and its griefs profound
Seemed mingling in thy horoscope of doom.
Thy bark is launched, and lifted is the sail
Upon the weltering billows of the world;
But O! may winds far gentler than have hurled
My struggling vessel on, for thee prevail;
Or, if thy voyage must be rough, may'st thou
Soon 'scape the storm and be—as blest as I am now!"

The second piece is a few lines, entitled, "Consolation," though, were our limits sufficient, we ought to give the counterpart of the above; namely, "The Death of the First-Born." Some other time we shall quote entire the latter poem, and then the reader can judge for himself of the almost omnipotent power which Mr. Watts exercises over the heart.

"Look up, look up, and weep not so, thy darling is not dead,
His sinless soul is cleaving now yon sky's empurpled bed;
His spirit drinks new life and light 'mid bowers of endless bloom;
It is but perishable stuff that molders in the tomb.
Then hush, O hush the swelling sigh, and dry the idle tear!
Think of the home thy babe hath won, and joy that he is there!
When summer evening's golden hues are burning in the sky,
And odorous gales from balmy bowers are breathing softly by;
When earth is bright with sunset beams, and flowers are blushing near,
And grief, all chastened and subdued, is gathering to a tear;
How sweet 'twill be at such an hour, and 'mid a scene so fair,
To lift thy glistening eye to heaven, and feel that he is there!"

Charming are these, dear reader! Not more so are they than "Ten Years Ago," "The Wedding Day," and scores of other pieces in the chaste and beautiful volume lying before us.

Bitter lessons has adversity taught Mr. Watts in the course of his life; but just now, it seems, prosperity is smiling on him. May the days of his closing life be fraught with pure sunlight and unalloyed bliss!

FEMALE NAMES.

MARY, the sweetest of all female names, is from the Hebrew, and signifies *exalted*. Its French form is *Marie*. It is, we hardly need to say, a famous name in both sacred and profane history. In all ages, from the time of Mary, the mother of Jesus, to that of Mary, the mother of Washington, the name has literally been exalted. It has been linked with titles and power—with crowns and coronets, and adorned by goodness and beauty. Mary has ever been a favorite name with poets. Byron, as he assures us, felt an absolute passion for it. It is interwoven with some of his sweetest verses. The peasant-poet, Burns, seems to have as much attachment to it as the author of *Childe Harold*. It is still the theme of bards and bardings unnumbered. We might fill a column or two here with songs, sonnets, and ballads, in the melody of whose verse the most musical syllables are those which form the charming name of Mary. But where so much presents itself, we can quote nothing. We need quote nothing, for

"The very music of the name has gone
Into our being."

SARAH is almost as common a name as Mary, but it lacks the *prestige* which its historical and poetical associations throw around the latter. It is also from the Hebrew, and signifies a princess. In poetry it takes the form of Sally, or Sallie, and is found in many a love song and ballad. Sally is sometimes contracted to Sal, which is neither poetical nor euphonious.

SUSAN, another name of Hebrew origin, signifies a *lily*. In poetry it is usually seen in its contracted form of Sue. It is a pretty name, and is immortalized in Gray's well-known ballad. The signification of the name is very happily introduced in the closing line:

"Adieu, she cried, and waved her lily hand."

MABEL is probably derived from *ma bella*, signifying *my fair*, though some suppose that it is contracted from *amabile*, *lovely* or *amiable*. It is a good name in either case, and worthy of being perpetuated. Mary Howitt has a ballad commencing,

"Arise, my maiden Mabel,"

which is the only poem we now recollect, in which the name occurs.

URSULA, a name associated in our mind with homeliness of face and goodness of heart concealed under the veil of a nun, is from the Latin, and signifies nothing more amiable than a *female bear*. Who, knowing this, will give the name to a child?

LUCY, in its French form, Lucie, signifies *bright*, and comes from the Latin.

"Lucy is a golden girl,"

says Bryan Proctor, and many will echo the line. Lucy is a favorite name with every one. Wordsworth has made it one of the

"Names wedded into song."

BLANCHE, one of the sweetest names ever worn by woman, is from the French, and signifies *white* or *fair*. Mary Howitt makes the orange flower its floral type.

BEATRICE is another name derived from the Latin. It signifies *one who blesses or makes happy*. No name can be more appropriate for a lovely, affectionate, and amiable woman. Beatrice has been honored

above all others by the poets. Dante, Shelly, and Shakspeare have, in turn, thrown around it the charm of their numbers, and linked it with thoughts both lovely and tragic.

CAROLINE is the feminine form of Charles, or rather of its Latin equivalent, Carolus. It comes from the German, and has the signification of *brave souled*, or *courageously patient*. The name has been borne by women who have proved themselves worthy of the name. It is not in the manly breast alone that valor is found, or needed. There are those, having learned

"How sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong,"

have displayed a courage which shames that of the warrior on the battle-field. Caroline is sometimes abbreviated to Carrie, Callie, and Cal.

"I know a fair young girl,
With an eye like the sky's own blue,
Or a sweet spring flower when its azure leaves
Are bright with early dew—
O, a thing half earth and half divine
Is she—that fair young Caroline."

A THOUGHT ON READING.

BY D. G. MITCHELL.

It is a glorious thing, when once you are weary of the dissipation and the ennui of your own aimless thought, to take up some glowing page of an earnest thinker, and read, deep and long, till you feel the metal of his thought tinkling on your brain, and striking out from your flinty lethargy flashes of ideas that give the mind light and heat. And away you go, in the chase of what the soul within is creating on the instant, and you wonder at the fecundity of what seemed so barren, and at the ripeness of what seemed so crude. The glow of toil wakes you to the consciousness of your real capacities; you feel sure that they have taken a new step toward final development. In such a mood it is, that one feels grateful to the musty tomes, which at other hours stand like mummies, with no warmth and no vitality. Now they grow into the affections like new-found friends, and gain hold upon the heart, and light a fire in the brain, that years and the mold can neither cover nor quench.

PHYSIOLOGICAL FACTS.

In old age the height of the body diminishes on an average of about three inches. The height of woman varies less than that of man in the different countries. The average weight of a male is about seven pounds; of a female, about six and a half pounds. At the age of seven years, it is twice as heavy as when a year old. The average weight of both sexes at twelve is nearly the same; after that period, females will be found to weigh less than males. The average weight of men is one hundred and thirty pounds, and of women one hundred and twelve pounds. In the case of individuals of both sexes, under four feet four inches, females are somewhat heavier than men, and *vice versa*. Men attain their maximum weight at about forty, and women at or near fifty. At sixty, both sexes usually commence losing weight, so that the average weight of old persons, men or women, is nearly the same as at nineteen. In each of the twelve years after birth, one-twelfth is added to the stature each year.

New Books.

THE SUCCESSFUL MERCHANT; or, Sketches of the Life of Mr. Samuel Budgett, late of Kingswood Hill, England. By William Arthur, A. M. New York: Lane & Scott. 1852.—The English press have been unbounded in their praises of this publication. Having had a peep into the volume ourselves, we must confess that it is a perfect mine of good things. Mr. Arthur, who, some years since, introduced himself favorably to the public by his "Mission to Mysore," in this work adds to his laurels as an eloquent and attractive writer. Almost every page is the preacher of a practical sermon; and yet there is about the whole the charm of the purest and most exciting fiction. We specially commend to the consideration of young men the purchase and perusal of this work, as, with the blessing of God, we doubt not, it may thus prevent many a ruinous career and many a broken heart.

GOD IN HISTORY; or, Tracts Illustrative of the Presence and Providence of God in the Affairs of Men. By John Cumming, D. D. New York: Lane & Scott. 1852.—Dr. Cumming, while he is respected most highly by the literary world, is equally popular with the masses. His Bible Evidence for the People, published a few years since, had a wide sale. The work before us, we think, will circulate equally well. It is written in a style of remarkable perspicuity, and is withal so full of lessons of practical wisdom that it can not fail of proving instructive by whomever read.

MEMORIALS OF THE EARLY PROGRESS OF METHODISM IN THE EASTERN STATES. Second Series. By Rev. Abel Stevens. New York: Lane & Scott. 1852.—This is a duodecimo volume of near five hundred pages. It contains biographical notices of the early Methodist preachers of New England, together with sketches of the primitive Churches, and reminiscences of the early struggles and successes of Methodism in the east. Those who have read volume first of the "Memorials," as well also those who are familiar with brother Stevens as a writer, will not need any recommendation at our hands of the volume before us. They will purchase at once, read with avidity, and wish for more.

SKETCHES FROM THE STUDY OF AN ITINERANT. By the Author of "Sketches and Incidents." New York: Lane & Scott. 1852.—This is a neat duodecimo volume, price sixty cents, which will have a large circulation among all lovers of the true narrative. Various in matter and lively in style, there is nothing to prevent its "taking well."

GOOD HEALTH; the Possibility, Duty, and Means of Obtaining and Keeping it.—This work is not written for invalids or sick persons exclusively, but contains hints about health that will injure no one in the perusal of them. Published by Lane & Scott, New York.

SIXTEEN MONTHS AT THE GOLD-DIGGINGS. By Rev. Daniel B. Woods. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1852.—The multitudes who are going or about to go to California ought to have some manual of experience, we think, relative to the country, the climate, and the mines. The author of this volume was himself a miner, and his statements are reliable, useful, and instructive.

POPULAR ACCOUNT OF DISCOVERIES AT NINEVEH. By Austin Henry Layard, Esq. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1852.—This is an abridgment from the larger work of the author, but embraces all matters of interest contained in the unabridged edition. Numerous wood engravings are given. The Biblical and historical illustrations, given only in the abridgment, will tend largely to the circulation of the work among religious readers.

THE YOUNG MAN'S COUNSELOR; or, Sketches and Illustrations of the Duties and Dangers of Young Men. By Rev. Daniel Wise.—Mr. Wise is very extensively and favorably known in New England as a writer for the young. The present work, in a very brief time, has reached its seventh edition. It is written in a style of great elegance and simplicity, and will not fail to prove a profitable companion for that interesting class of community to whom it is specially addressed.

Periodicals.

THE EDINBURG REVIEW for January has articles on Descartes, Bishop Philpotts, Church Music, International Copyright, and some other topics strictly of a topical or British character. Scarcely one of the articles would be considered interesting by the general reader.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, republished by Leonard Scott & Co., New York, has failed to reach our desk for some time past. The work is ostensibly liberal but clandestinely infidel in its character; and because once before this remark fell from our pen, may be it has been considered policy to discontinue the Review to our address.

ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL, published by Charles Cook, London, can be ordered through Post & Co., of this city, at about three dollars per annum. Of the English literary monthlies, it is probably the very best, albeit we do not like, in some instances, the stories published in its columns.

THE GUIDE TO HOLINESS in its March number has articles from the pens of Dr. Bangs, Mrs. Upham, and others, on purity of heart and the necessity of an every-day and living zeal for the cause of our Lord.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for April, profusely illustrated, begins Dickens's last story, called Bleak House. It will be published in twenty consecutive numbers of the periodical. The object of Bleak House is to depict the corruption and rottenness of the Court of English Chancery. For the advance proof-sheets the Harpers pay the snug sum of two thousand dollars to Mr. Dickens. The circulation of their Magazine is now about eighty thousand.

THE KNICKERBOCKER; OR, NEW YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE, published by S. Hueston, New York, has very nearly doubled its circulation since its reduction of price from five to three dollars per annum.

CHAIN OF SACRED WONDERS; or, a Connected View of Scripture Scenes and Incidents, from the Creation to the End of the Last Epoch, by Rev. S. A. Latta, has reached the first number of volume second. A fine mezzotint—The Drowning of Pharaoh and his Host—is given as a frontispiece to the fine edition, which is two dollars per annum. Published quarterly. Cheap edition, one dollar per annum.

THE SOUTHERN LADY'S COMPANION for March has been received, from which we learn that its publication is not to be discontinued. Embellishments are not to be given unless there be a great increase of advance cash subscribers.

THE UNITED STATES MONTHLY LAW MAGAZINE AND EXAMINER, published by John Livingston, Esq., 157 Broadway, New York, has in its March number two highly finished portraits—one of Robert C. Grier, the other of John McLean, both justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. To legal gentlemen this magazine is a *sine qua non*. Published monthly, at five dollars per annum.

THE YOUTH'S CABINET, published by D. A. Woodworth, New York, at one dollar per annum, continues to furnish, as usual, a large amount of interesting and instructive matter for youthful readers. The editor is now absent on a European tour.

THE COMMON SCHOOL JOURNAL AND EDUCATIONAL REFORMER, edited by Wm. B. Fowle, we should judge, from a hasty examination, to be a first-class journal in its particular department. It is published by Morris Colton, semi-monthly, Boston, Mass., at one dollar per annum.

HUNT'S MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE AND COMMERCIAL REVIEW has in its numerous pages articles frequently which can be perused with profit by ladies and those not directly commercial in their disposition and calling. Published monthly, at five dollars per annum. Address Freeman Hunt, Fulton-street, New York.

THE SCHOOLMATE is the name of a new monthly reader for youth, edited by A. R. Phippen, and published by George Savage, New York, at one dollar per annum. It is replete with the choicest reading matter for young people of both sexes.

Newspapers.

THERE is nothing on earth so beautiful as the household on which Christian love forever smiles, and where Religion walks, a counselor and a friend. No cloud can darken it, for its twin stars are centered in the soul. No storms can make it tremble, for it has a heavenly support and a heavenly anchor. The home circle surrounded by such influences has an antepast of the joys of a heavenly home.

"How do you feel with such a shocking-looking coat on?" said a young clerk of some pretensions, one morning, to old Roger. "I feel," said old Roger, looking at him steadily, with one eye half closed, as if taking aim at the victim, "I feel, young man, as if I had a coat which has been paid for—a luxury of feeling which I think you will never experience."

Girard College, it is well known, was founded on infidel principles, and with extreme provisions of the founder to keep Christianity out of it. But Christianity has got in, with no violation of those provisions. The College has a chapel which is filled at an early hour every day with three hundred lads, and their teachers meet for prayer, and reading the Scriptures, and three times on Sunday for regular worship and instruction. The University of Virginia has had a like experience. It was projected by Jefferson, on a plan exclusive of religion. But experience soon taught the absolute necessity of religion to its success. It now has a chaplain and regular course of lectures on the evidences of Christianity.

Three of the most beneficial systems of modern times are due to the benevolence of English ladies—the improvement of prison discipline, savings banks, and banks for lending small sums of money to the poor. The success of all has exceeded every expectation. Notwithstanding the obstinate fact, that woman has caused, first and last, a deal of mischief in the world, these admirable institutions show plainly that the poet knew what he was talking about, when he spoke of

"Heaven's last, best gift to man."

He who attempts to make others believe in means which he himself despises is a puffer; he who makes use of more means than he knows to be necessary is a quack; and he who ascribes to those means a greater efficacy than his own experience warrants is an impostor.

Galileo observed a lamp which was hung from the ceiling, and which had been disturbed by accident, swinging backward and forward. This was a very common thing; but Galileo, struck with the regularity with which it moved backward and forward, reflected on it, and perfected the method, now in use, of measuring time by means of the pendulum.

The chief art of learning, as Locke has observed, is to attempt but little at a time. The widest excursions of the mind are made by short flights, frequently repeated; the most lofty fabrics of science are formed by the continued accumulation of single propositions.

He is but half prepared for the journey of life who takes not with him that friend who will forsake him in no emergency—who will divide his sorrows, increase his joys, lift the veil from his heart, and throw sunshine amid the darkest scenes.

We are not to suppose that the oak wants stability, because its light and changeable leaves dance to the music of the breeze; nor to conclude that a man wants solidity and strength of mind, because he may exhibit an occasional playfulness and levity.

There is not so poor a book in the world, says Johnson, that would not be a prodigious effort, were it wrought out entirely by a single mind, without the aid of prior investigators.

Horace Mann thus sums up a few of the advantages of modern inventions: "One boy, with a fourdiner machine, will make more paper in a twelvemonth than all Egypt could have made in a hundred years during the reign of the Ptolemies. One girl, with a power press, will strike off books faster than a million scribes could copy them before the invention of printing. One man with an iron foundry will turn out more utensils than Tubal Cain could have forged had he worked diligently to this time."

Slanderers are like flies; for while they pass by the healthy body, they feed on the sores.

Gentility consists not in birth, wealth, manners, or fashion; but in a high sense of honor, a determination never to take undue advantage of another.

He that blows the coals in quarrels he has nothing to do with, has no right to complain if the sparks fly in his face.

It is better to sow a young heart with generous thoughts and deeds than a field with corn, since the heart's harvest is perpetual.

If you love others they will love you. If you speak kindly to them, they will speak kindly. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

Permanent rest is not to be expected on the road, but at the end of the journey.

Persons in love generally resolve first, and reason afterward. The heart has its reasons, which reason does not apprehend.

A quiet mind, like other blessings, is more easily lost than gained.

None have less praise than those who hunt for it.

It is easy to wish for heaven, but difficult to get a heavenly mind.

To be silent about an injury, makes the doer of it more uneasy than complaints.

If you take a great deal of pains to serve the world and to benefit your fellow-creatures, and if, after all, the world scarcely thanks you for the trouble you have taken, do not be angry and make a loud talking about the world's ingratitude; for if you do, it will seem that you cared more about the thanks you were to receive than about the blessings which you professed to bestow.

Flattery is like a flail, which, if not adroitly used, will box your own ears instead of tickling those of the corn.

Every one is at least in one thing, against his will, *original*—in his manner of sneezing.

Woman's silence, although it is less frequent, signifies much more than man's.

Reality plants a thorny hedge around our dreamings, while the sporting-ground of the *possible* is ever free and open.

There is much novelty that is without hope, much antiquity without sacredness.

We should use a book as the bee does a flower.

Nothing makes one so indifferent to the pin and musketo thrusts of life as the consciousness of growing better.

Wholesome sentiment is rain, which makes the fields of daily life fresh and odorless.

People should travel, if for no other reason than to receive every now and then a letter from home; the place of our birth never appears so beautiful as when it is out of sight.

Men are made to be eternally shaken about, but women are flowers that lose their beautiful colors in the noise and tumult of life.

The triumphs of truth are the most glorious, chiefly because they are the most bloodless of all victories, deriving their highest luster from the number saved, not of the slain.

Biography is useless which is not true. The weaknesses of character must be preserved; however insignificant or humbling; they are the errata of genius, and clear up the text.

Wit and work are the two wheels of the world's chariot; they need to be equal, and each fixed fast.

The nose of a mob is its imagination; by this, at any time, it can be quietly led.

No two things differ more than hurry and dispatch; hurry is the mark of a weak mind, dispatch of a strong one.

Though we travel over the world to find the beautiful, we must carry it within us, or we find it not.

Let in the light on a nest of young owls, and they directly complain of the injury you have done them.

Sin is the fruitful parent of distemper, and ill lives occasion good physicians.

The passions are at least bold, generous, although destroying lions; egotism is a quiet, deep-biting, ever-sucking, venomous bug.

Custom is the law of one description of fools and fashion of another; but the two parties often clash, for precedent is the legislator of the first, and novelty of the last.

Editor's Table.

MAY is the month of flowers. Welcome to their fragrance and their beauty! Welcome to the woods and the dells, the grassy fields and the flowing streams! Out, ye who can, from the dust and the din of the city, and lift from its low resting-place the modest little violet, or pluck and plant in your bosom some early rose-bud. Climb up that hill yonder, and now take a look at the wide scene before you. The soft sunlight streams down and plays on every young and tender thing; the river, winding like a silver line, cuts its way through the hills, and fades in the distance. The city is behind you; before you spreads a landscape of surpassing loveliness. Far off, may be, the timid wreaths of smoke curl up among the tall branches of the elm or locust trees. You see the neat cottage-house, and the plain-clad but sprightly keeper of it, with her bright-eyed, laughing ones about her. You begin to muse. Memory wakes a chord. The bosom heaves—you can not tell why. You have a mother's or a father's heart. You are thinking of a dear little one, who used to look up in your eyes and laugh, too, but who is now wrapped in a snowy sheet, and lies sleeping the long sleep in the cold city graveyard. Dry those tears. There is a clime where the flowers fade not, where sickness comes not, where the tear-drop falls not. Seek an interest in that land that is very far off, and then little matter will it be how lonely we live in this world, or how few of the flowers and comforts of life we shall enjoy. Suffering and affliction ought only to purify us for heaven.

A lady correspondent, whose veracity is beyond suspicion, sends us an epistle on "Religious Loafers," from which we make the following extract: "I have long thought of addressing you on the subject of Sunday loafing, or that practice, both in city and country, of gentlemen congregating about church-doors, before and after service, to gaze at the ladies. You have scarcely any idea, sir, how extremely embarrassing it is to us of the gentler sex thus to be looked at. For myself, it so utterly provokes me, that I am determined on no bow or look of recognition to any gentleman who may thus be loafing around the church, vestibule, or steps. In other words, I will treat my friends decently and politely any where else except in front of a church. I will neither know an acquaintance there, nor will I thank him for any look of complaisance either. Sunshine or cold, there are always some of these precious characters outdoors. Why did they come to church at all? If it is cold standing or hot, why not walk inside, and be seated and be comfortable, and in some way compose their minds for worshipping God? I do not know whether you will publish any part of my letter or not; for I am pretty highly excited, and you may think it better to exercise patience and endurance. This much, however, I can assure you, that not myself merely, but a large number of my friends have urged me to write, and you can learn hereby that a general accommodation will be effected by thus giving a hint on an apparently small but still important and exciting topic."

We do not write this paragraph because we wish to be considered an adept in medical science, but because of a fact which has often, by observation, been impressed on my mind. It is this—that persons who habitually indulge in stimulants of any kind always have to pay, in subsequent years, for such impositions, or rather drafts on their systems with compound interest. The cigar-smoker may feel no present evil resulting from his practice; but as certain that sunshine falling on a snow-bank will melt that snow, so certain is it that the lungs and the air-cells of the lungs, by constantly being filled with tobacco smoke, are injured, and ultimately diseased and destroyed. Not a very palatable declaration to some, perhaps, but it is a fact, nevertheless. The advice of the venerable Professor Silliman, in a lecture before the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, to the young men constituting his audience, is very timely and sensible. "If," said he, "you wish for a clear mind, strong muscles, and quiet nerves, and long life and power prolonged into old age, permit me to say, although I am not giving a temperance lecture, avoid all drinks but water, and mild infusions of that fluid; shun tobacco and opium, and every thing else that disturbs the normal state of the system; rely

upon nutritious food and mild diluent drinks, of which water is the basis, and you will need nothing beyond these things except rest, and the due moral regulations of all your powers, to give you long, and happy, and useful lives, and a serene evening at the close."

Good poetry is a very scarce article. Our magazines and newspapers, whatever rhyme they may contain, publish but little of the "melody of numbers." The following dozen lines are beautiful. They were suggested on the occasion of the funeral of an English laborer's child, who was killed suddenly by the falling of a beam:

"Sweet, laughing child! the cottage door
Stands free and open now,
But O! its sunshine gilds no more
The gladness of thy brow!
Thy merry step hath passed away,
Thy laughing sport is hushed for aye.
Thy mother by the fireside sits,
And listens for thy call;
And slowly—slowly, as she knits,
Her quiet tears downfall;
Her little hindering thing is gone,
And undisturbed she may work on!"

We ought before this to have announced the receipt, in exchange, of the California Christian Advocate, published under the auspices of our Church at San Francisco. Its typographical execution is very neat; while its editorial character, under the management of Messrs. Briggs and Simonds, is not a whit behind the best of religious newspapers this side of the Rocky Mountains. Dr. Boring has also placed us under obligation for a copy of the Christian Observer, published also at San Francisco, under the care of the Church South. Six dollars per annum is the advance price of each of these papers. We wish them a life of long years, and a prosperity whose end may never come.

Speaking of missionary papers, we must be allowed to urge upon our friends the value of the Missionary Advocate, edited by Dr. Durbin, and published by Lane & Scott, New York. A Church by taking one hundred copies can distribute single copies for ten cents a year. The matter of the Advocate does not appear in any of our Church papers, but is almost exclusively its own. For reference in regard to statistics, Church affairs, religious and standard intelligence, it has no superior in the world. In general characteristics the American Messenger, published by the American Tract Society, comes nearest to the Advocate of any monthly with which we are acquainted. The Messenger has a circulation of over two hundred thousand subscribers, and a burning shame it is that the Advocate must go begging all the time and have not one-fourth that number.

Rev. Isaac B. Fish has sent us, all the way from Moquelumne Hill, two hundred miles east of San Francisco, California, a large and beautiful daguerreotype view of the town in which he lives. There are three hundred and seventy-five houses at Moquelumne, and about three thousand inhabitants. We should be glad to put the picture into the hands of an engraver, and have it grace the pages of the Repository; but as there is more than a sufficient number of engravings for the remainder of our brief editorship, we must submit the matter to the consideration of our successor.

We are happy in the present number, after the lapse of several months, to give another chapter of the "Leaves from an Autobiography." The infirmities of age are falling heavily upon the writer of these reminiscences. May his last days be gilded with a pure and serene sunlight!

Webster's Dictionary, unabridged, we learn by our exchanger, is being furnished the common schools of New York, at the low price of four dollars per copy, by the Messrs. Merriam, Springfield, Mass. We have found the work an indispensable auxiliary in our editorial labors, and, except the Bible, it is the last book we should feel willing to part with.

On our table is a large number of reports, pamphlets, etc., the names even of which we find ourselves unable at present to give. We trust our friends will be mild in their criticisms on our seeming neglect of their favors.

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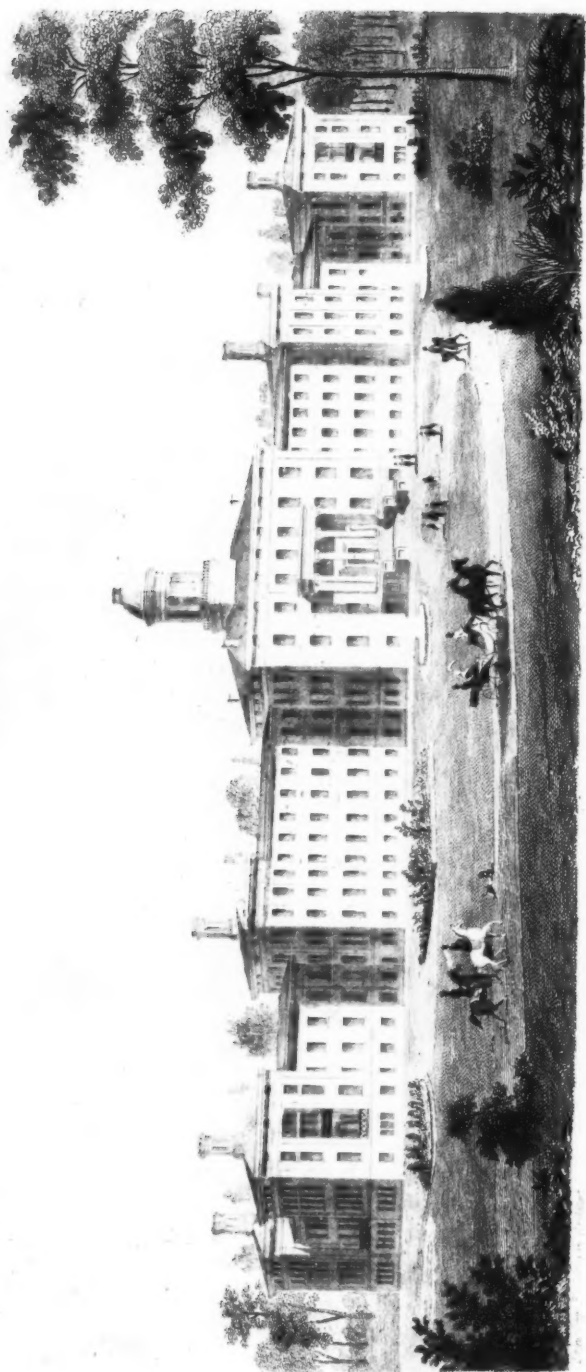
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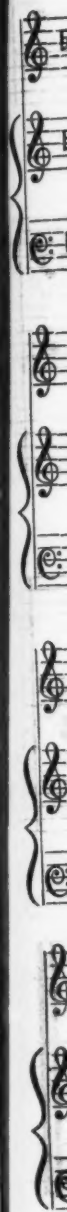
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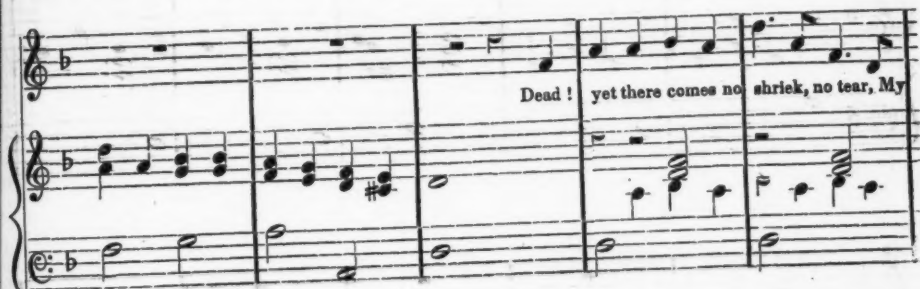
Dead.

BY MISS PHOEBE CARRY.

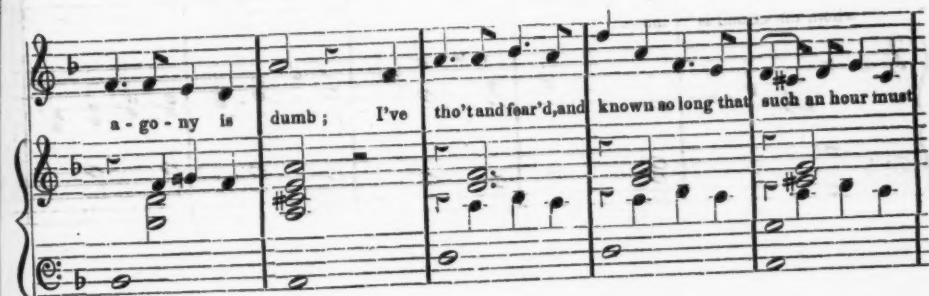
Music by FR. WERNER, Steinbrecher.



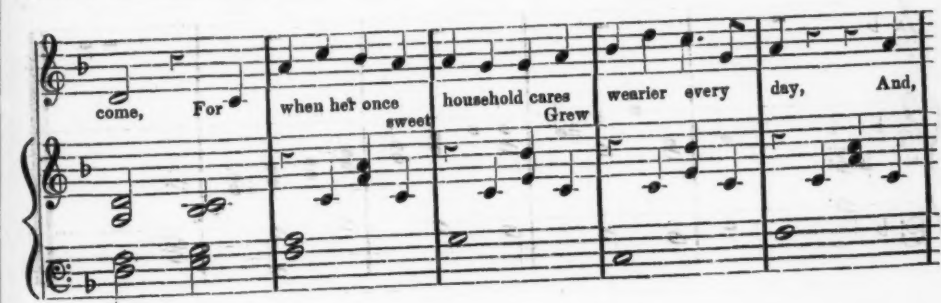
Piano introduction in B-flat major, 4/4 time. The music consists of a series of chords and single notes in the right and left hands, creating a somber and contemplative mood.



First vocal entry. The melody begins with a half rest, followed by the lyrics "Dead! yet there comes no shriek, no tear, My". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

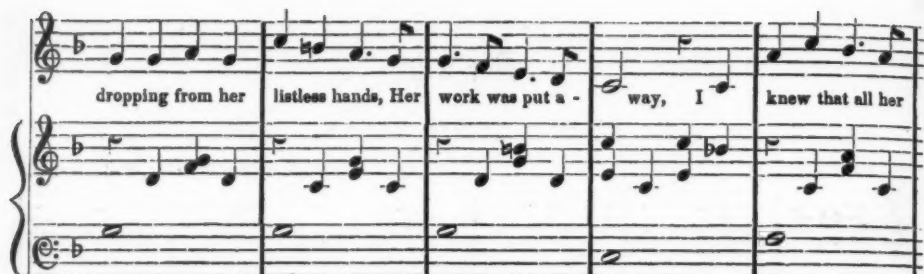


Second vocal entry. The melody continues with the lyrics "a-go-ny is dumb; I've tho't and fear'd, and known so long that such an hour must". The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.



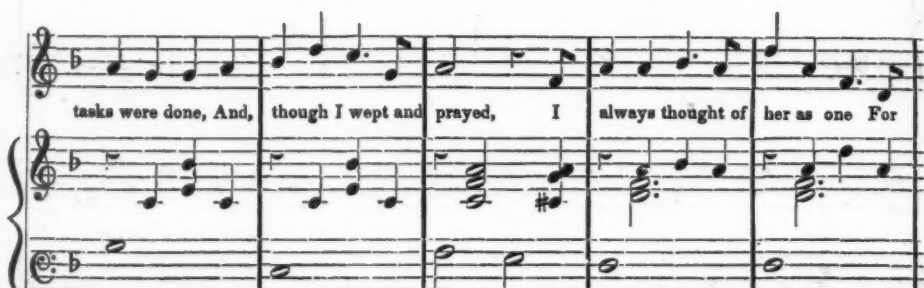
Third vocal entry. The melody continues with the lyrics "come, For when her once sweet household cares grew wearier every day, And,". The piano accompaniment concludes the phrase with sustained chords.

D E A D . — *Continued.*



dropping from her listless hands, Her work was put a - way, I knew that all her

This system contains the first five measures of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a bass line with a half note G2 and a treble line with a half note G4. The lyrics are: "dropping from her listless hands, Her work was put a - way, I knew that all her".



tasks were done, And, though I wept and prayed, I always thought of her as one For

This system contains measures 6 through 10. The vocal line continues with a half note D5, followed by quarter notes E5, F5, and G5. The piano accompaniment features a bass line with a half note G2 and a treble line with a half note G4. The lyrics are: "tasks were done, And, though I wept and prayed, I always thought of her as one For".



whom the shroud is made.

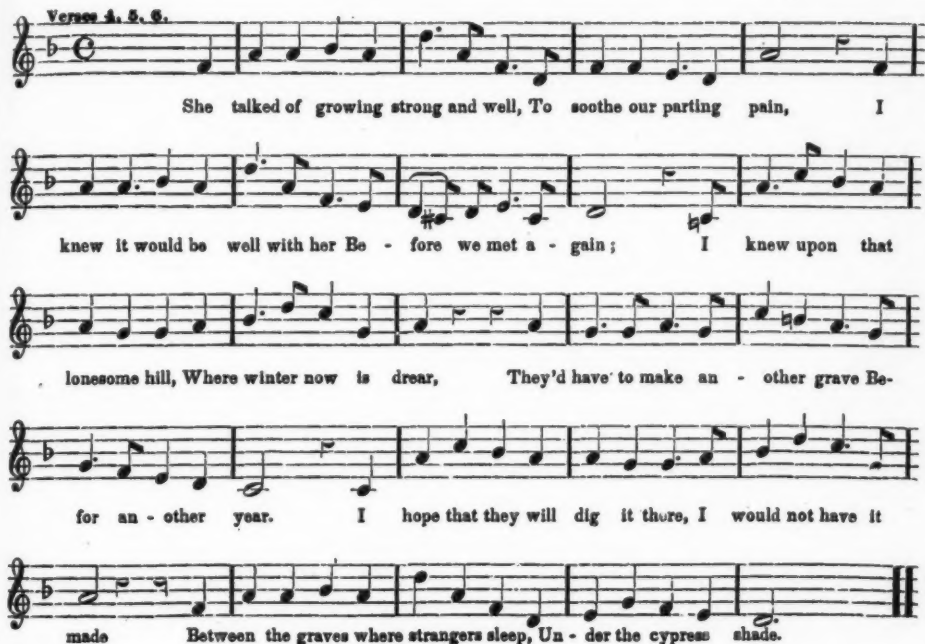
This system contains measures 11 through 15. The vocal line has a half note G5, followed by quarter notes A5, B5, and C6. The piano accompaniment features a bass line with a half note G2 and a treble line with a half note G4. The lyrics are: "whom the shroud is made."



This system contains measures 16 through 20, ending with a double bar line. The vocal line has a half note G5, followed by quarter notes A5, B5, and C6. The piano accompaniment features a bass line with a half note G2 and a treble line with a half note G4. The lyrics are: "whom the shroud is made."

DEAD.— *Concluded.*

Verses 4, 5, 6.



 She talked of growing strong and well, To soothe our parting pain, I

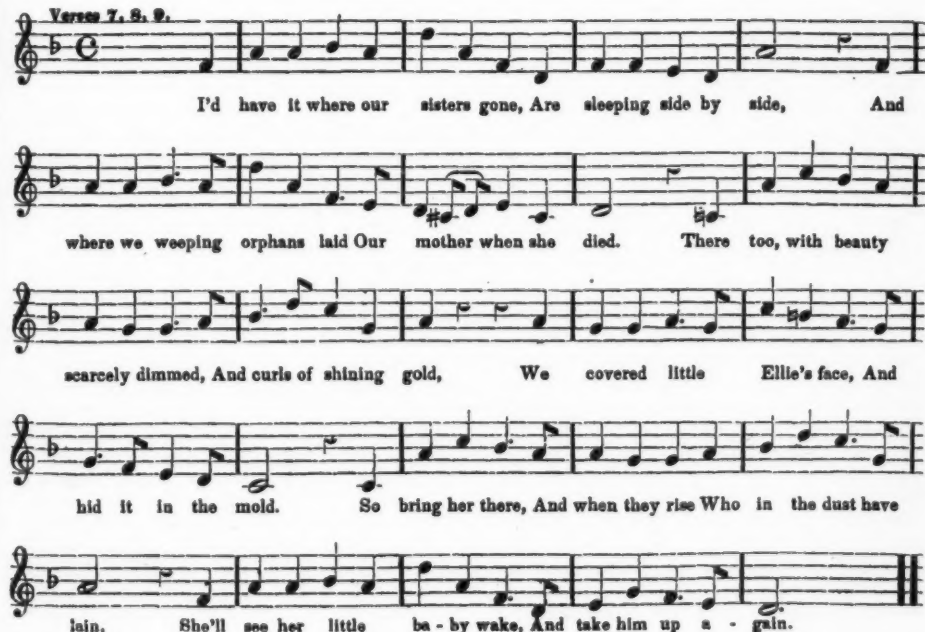
 knew it would be well with her Be - fore we met a - gain; I knew upon that

 lonesome hill, Where winter now is drear, They'd have to make an - other grave Be-

 for an - other year. I hope that they will dig it there, I would not have it

 made Between the graves where strangers sleep, Un - der the cypress shade.

Verses 7, 8, 9.



 I'd have it where our sisters gone, Are sleeping side by side, And

 where we weeping orphans laid Our mother when she died. There too, with beauty

 scarcely dimmed, And curls of shining gold, We covered little Ellie's face, And

 hid it in the mold. So bring her there, And when they rise Who in the dust have

 lain, She'll see her little ba - by wake, And take him up a - gain.

